How I Didn't Shoot Eisenhower *Alexander Laing*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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what US forces have been doing
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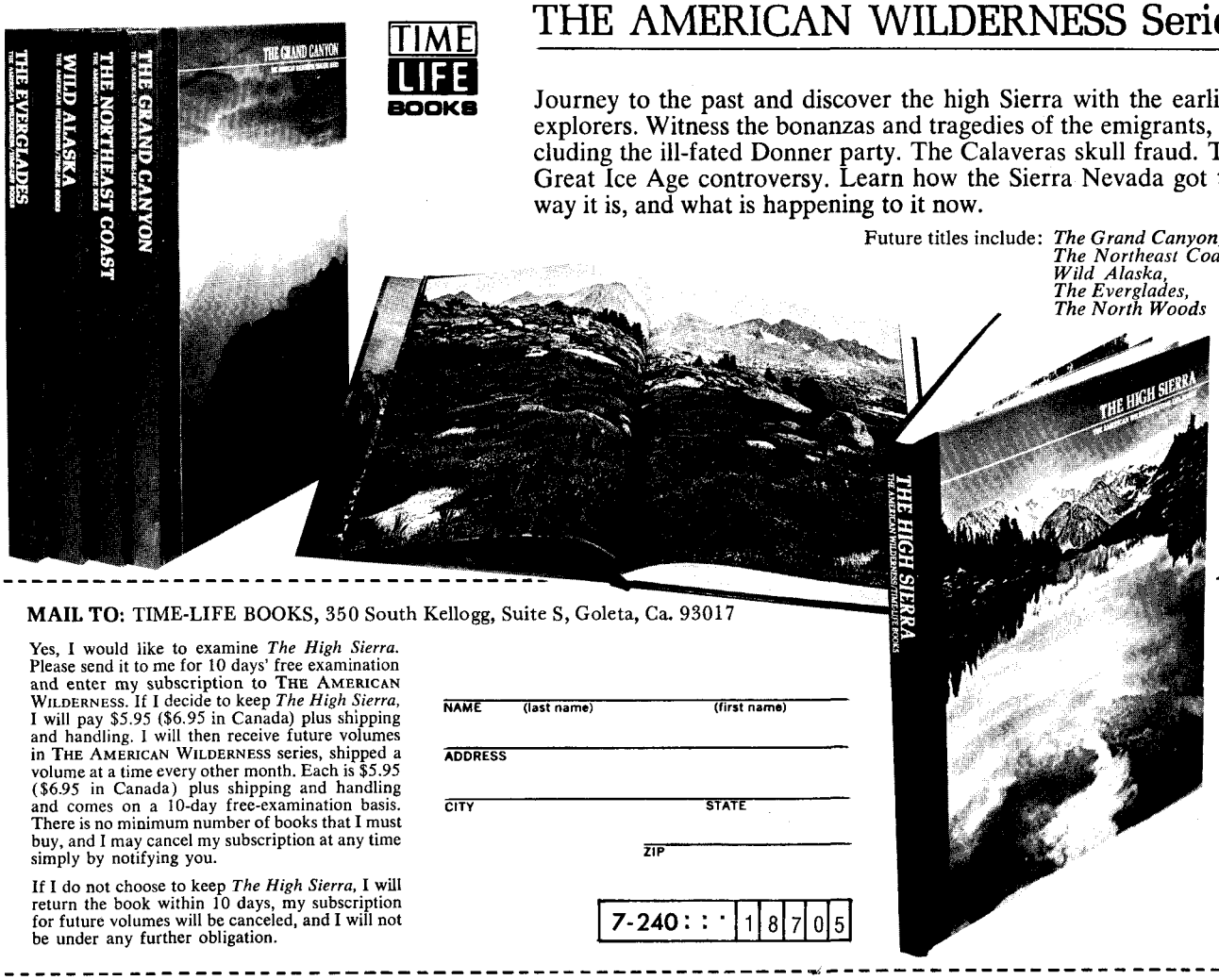

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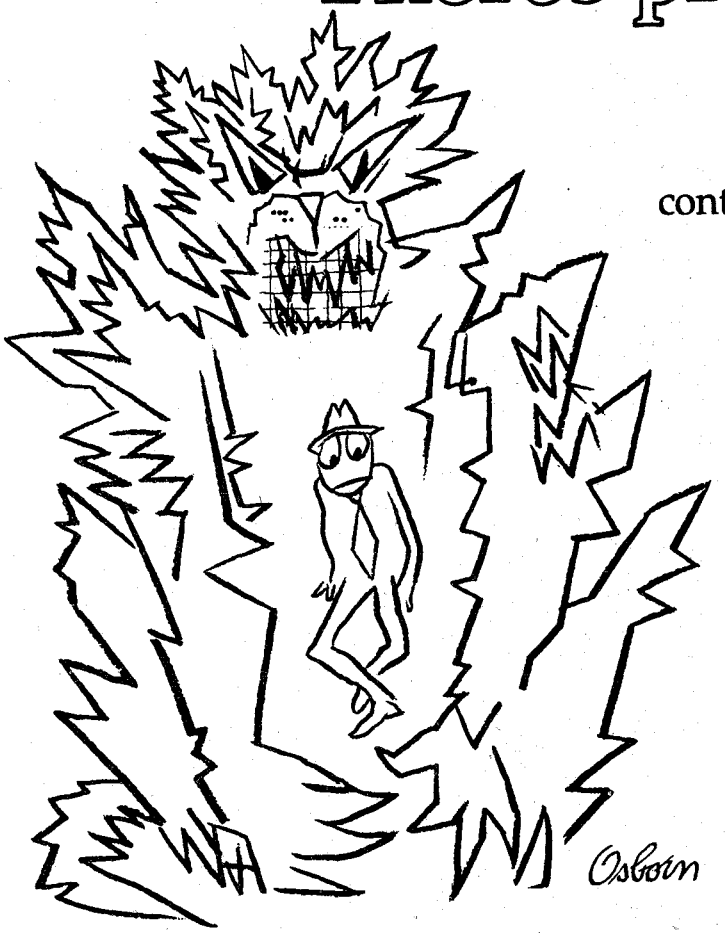

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TRB

from Washington
August 18, 1973

Back Rubbing

One of the great advantages accruing to a paid observer of the government and politics scene is the opportunity we have, while others are out contributing to the GNP, to sit back and sift through the endless stream of papers that feeds the news bureaucracy. The documents that escape the shredding machines and the burn bags often multiply—thanks to the miracle of Xerox—like fish in a hatchery, and they find their way to Washington news desks with astonishing speed.

Such has been the case with a batch of ITT memos that engulfed us shortly after the introduction at the Ervin committee hearings of former White House counsel Charles Colson's 1972 memo to Bob Haldeman, the deposed White House chief of staff. That was the one, you will recall, that warned there were still other memos floating around that would "directly involve" President Nixon in the 1971 settlement of an ITT antitrust suit, hard on the heels of an ITT pledge to shell out $400,000 to help underwrite the Republican national convention in San Diego.

The memos already have been picked over by our hungry brethren of the daily press, extracting the gems that help complete the jigsaw puzzle of ITT's methodical effort to park its corporate slippers under the bed of the Nixon administration. Still it's instructive to leaf through them at a leisurely pace, because the language therein conveys more than damaging fact; it captures the atmosphere in which the special-interest vermin breed.

Take, for instance, a memo from Edward J. Gerrity, a senior vice president for ITT, to Vice President Agnew dated August 7, 1970, about ITT's concern that Richard McLaren, then assistant attorney general for the antitrust division, would insist on fighting the antitrust suit in court. It's addressed to "Ted" and signed by "Ned" (Gerrity's nickname), and it says: "Our problem is to get John the facts concerning McLaren's attitude because . . . McLaren seems to be running all by himself." And an attached memo talks of how "Hal (Harold S. Geneen, ITT's president) had a very friendly session with John, whom, as you know, he admires greatly and in whom he has the greatest confidence."

"John," it becomes clear as the memo runs on, is Attorney General John N. Mitchell, and after more discussion of McLaren's attitude, the memo reports to Agnew that "John said he would talk with McLaren and get back to Hal." About a year after this was written, we now know, "John" and his Justice Department settled with "Hal" and his ITT out of court, enabling ITT to keep the biggest element in the contested merger, the Hartford Fire Insurance Co.

Lest all this first-naming suggest that the titans of state and industry meet on a casual, spontaneous basis the way the rest of us chew the fat over the back fence after an evening of lawn-mowing, we draw your attention to still another internal ITT memo. This one bears the title "Roger's [sic] Party" and it talks of an outing planned tentatively for September 1970 on the Eastern Maryland farm of Rogers C. B. Morton, then Republican national chairman and now secretary of Interior. The party is to include "John" of the aforementioned memo, as well as the Agnews, the Postmaster General Winton Blounts, the Bryce Harlows and Peter Flanigans, then key White House aides and Congressmen Bob Wilson and Gerry Ford and Senator Peter Dominick, all Republicans good and faithful. And, oh yes, Hal and June Geneen.

The memo, from a public relations man in ITT's Washington office to his boss, advises: "Ned asked that we put together a poop sheet for Mr. & Mrs. Geneen which will include not only brief bio's of the men but also their wives for June; facts about Morton's farm; a fairly complete bio on Mitchell and his recent accomplishments in other areas such as crime, drugs, etc.; some detail on the new Post Office plan; and then general information as to the type of clothes to wear, planned activities, etc."

From all reports, alas, the party never came off, which meant among other things that unspecified dollars of ITT stockholders were spent unnecessarily in preparation for an aborted social seduction of "John" and his assorted GOP sidekicks—and, of course, their wives. Such research, however, seldom goes to waste in the first-name world of upper-echelon Washington. There are always other occasions when the servants of the people and the people's suppliers of goods and services lift cup and break bread together—and perhaps even talk business.

At the time the ITT controversy first held center stage in our town—in the spring of 1972, during the Senate confirmation hearings of Richard G. Kleindienst to succeed "John" as attorney general—the $400,000 convention pledge was a featured item. You'll doubtless remember the notorious Dita Beard memo (Lord, they are a memo-happy bunch at ITT) tying that pledge to efforts to settle the antitrust suit, and Ms. Beard's subsequent hospitalization in Denver, where senators and—we learned later—a CIA-wigged E. Howard Hunt went to interrogate her.

Of that exercise Sen. Charles McC. Mathias, Jr. (R, Md.), a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee, said: "It does not require any confirmation by Dita Beard to explain to me the relationship between a $400,000 commitment to a political party whose incumbent President is likely to be re-elected and a corporate giant which must deal with some level of government every day. It was like a windstorm insurance premium, since it sustained the general level of protection even if it were not immediately offset by reimbursement for storm damage."

Yes indeed. In the permissive suburbs surrounding Washington, there have been periodic drives by the local law-and-order guardians against a bevy of massage parlors that in their avarice have permitted or encouraged their employees to go beyond a standard back rub. Yet within the District of Columbia, in the most sophisticated salons of the governmental-industrial complex, the heavy massage goes on—with instructions in writing, no less. Even those of us who didn't have the foresight to buy into Xerox in its embryo days, and thus are not rich today, can rejoice in its success. It has added a whole new dimension to the peoples' right to know.

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The Nixon Interregnum

"Constant experience shows us that every man invested with power is apt to abuse it, and to carry his authority until he is confronted with limits. Is it not strange that we are all obliged to say that virtue itself has need of limits?"—Montesquieu

"The executive is the active power in the state, the asking and proposing power. The representative assembly is the consenting power, the petitioning, the approving and the criticizing power. The two powers are necessary if there is to be order and freedom. But each must be true to its own nature, each limiting and complementing the other. The government must be able to govern and the citizens must be represented in order that they shall be not oppressed. The health of the system depends upon the relationship of the two powers and if either absorbs or destroys the function of the other power, the Constitution is deranged."

—Walter Lippmann, *The Public Philosophy*

The hurricane has not spent its force and a second or third Nixon talk on television or another White House "fact sheet" will not dissipate it. The Vice President may be its next casualty. There is talk of presidential impeachment on grounds that Mr. Nixon has failed to see that "laws have been faithfully executed" and that he himself has conspired to obstruct justice. That specific charge may yet be formally brought before the Senate and sustained, but until it is the President cannot be dislodged: under the Constitution, dishonor is not an impeachable offense.

So, here we are at the end of Act I of the Senate Watergate hearings, having heard enough of high-level lying, cheating, stealing, bugging, snooping, soliciting and dissembling to be ready for any "horror stories" to come. Thus far the best the President's apologists have been able to offer is that for ten months after a well publicized break-in at Democratic national headquarters by agents of Mr. Nixon's reelection committee, the President did not know what crimes and follies his emissaries had committed or how they were covering up their tracks—and *did not press the inquiry hard enough to find out.* Increasingly the public finds this negligence difficult to credit—if it is negligence and not concealed complicity.

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One consequence of this disaster has been a new burst of energy and independence elsewhere in government. As the executive end of the ship goes down, the legislative end comes up. Some regard that shift as a stabilizing redress in the balance of power, and it may be—so long as we remember that if it goes too far, the ship itself may sink. The fact of the shift is apparent. Where Nixon hoped to reduce spending, Congress has poured in more money; where the President sought increased funding (as in military procurement), Congress has cut him short. His budget has come apart, as has his anti-inflation program. Early this summer Nixon had no choice but to approve three bills which he once promised to veto—for hospital support, emergency employment and airport improvement. He retreated from his tough line on rural electric loans, aid to the elderly and funding for highway construction. A minimum wage increase that the President called inflationary and that some of his aides say he will veto, has been passed. The Senate has overridden a White House veto of a $185 million emergency medical care bill, and on July 31 it voted, 75-21, to continue the present employment program (which Nixon wanted to end) until 1975. Contrary to White House wishes, it added a requirement that Vietnam veterans be guaranteed 50 percent of the new jobs financed by the bill.

This January the President suspended one federal housing program that, on July 20, the Senate voted 81-0 to see through another year. (Almost simultaneously, US District Court Judge Charles Richey said that the White House had acted illegally in curtailing the program: "It is not within the discretion of the executive to refuse laws passed by Congress.") Urban renewal, model cities and sewer building programs the President hoped to curtail in 1973 have been renewed by the Congress. On July 31 the House overruled the recommendations of its Armed Services Committee and reduced the 1974 authority for Pentagon spending, the committee having already pruned the administration's request for research and development by $625 million. And when the bill reached the floor, the full House voted to cut another $950 million. Since actual appropriations fall below the authorized amount, the ultimate reduction in military spending may prove considerable.

Watergate was surely a contributing force behind a House decision on August 1 to cut $55.9 million from the 1974 spending authority for the White House and the Treasury Department. The House stripped the White House of a $1.5 million allowance for "special projects" and ordered the President to notify Congress before undertaking any further improvements at federal expense on his San Clemente and Key Biscayne properties—or for that matter, on Bebe Rebozo's house, Robert Abplanalp's island or Tricia's apartment. It cut $3.6 million from the Office of Management and Budget request, $1.2 million from the Office of Telecommunications Policy request, denied authorization for vice presidential staff salaries and required the White House to follow normal government accounting procedures for its entertainment and travel expenses. As the House was legislating this insult, its government activities subcommittee threatened to use another subpoena to pry information out of the executive. Chairman Jack Brooks said that if the General Services Administration did not promptly give him files relevant to an investigation of work done on the Nixon homes, he would go to court, as Archibald Cox and Sam Ervin have done, to get the documents.

The scandals that forced the President to dump his key White House aides likewise make it difficult for him to staff the executive as he would like. Some weeks ago Congress approved legislation requiring Senate confirmation of the head of the Office of Management and Budget. Nixon's veto was sustained, but the Senate Foreign Relations Committee then proceeded to reject his nominee for assistant under-secretary of state for East Asian affairs, essentially because it didn't like his politics. The President found this "deplorable," but could not prevent it.

Earlier this summer, when majorities of both houses attached antiwar amendments to a series of appropriations bills, the President gave way by accepting a bombing cut-off as of August 15. Last week he lashed out against that agreed deadline, but he says he will respect it. Recent disclosures of a secret 14-month air war against Cambodia (characterized by the falsification of bombing reports to Congress) eroded whatever lingering legislative support there was for further military strikes. Over White House protest, both houses of Congress have set limits on the President's war-making powers. The House voted 244-170 to require him to inform Congress of any commitment of US forces to combat abroad, and to terminate any such actions within 120 days unless Congress declares war. The Senate, by a 71-18 vote, would restrict the President to a 30-day war in the absence of specific congressional authorization. Mr. Nixon has threatened to veto either form of the war powers bill, but here again the tide of opinion is running against him.

The White House decision to impound more than $12 billion of appropriated funds has proved nearly as unpopular as rising prices. The largest single impoundment—$6 billion for sewage treatment projects—accounted for more than half the current congressional authorizations for water pollution control. Other withheld funds included $2.5 billion for highway construction; $1.5 billion for such things as food stamps and rural electrification loans; $1.9 billion for military construction and shipbuilding; as well as funds for OEO, summer jobs, education, federally subsidized housing, community mental health centers and various other enterprises the President wanted eliminated or sharply cut back. In response appropriations bills have been reintroduced for most of the

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programs affected by the impoundments. In addition individual congressmen, city officials and citizens groups have taken the matter to court. On April 2, 1973 the Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit held that the highway construction funds had been unlawfully withheld, and about a week later a US District Court judge found the President's dismantling of OEO illegal. "When Congress orders that a program go forth . . . it is for the Congress in the responsible exercise of its legislative power to make provisions for termination. Until those provisions are made, the function of the executive is to administer the program in accord with the legislated purposes," ruled the judge in the OEO case. On May 8 another district court judge ordered the Environmental Protection Agency to release $6 billion of water pollution money on the grounds that Congress has intended the entire sum be spent. In all the administration has been to court 16 times on impoundment cases and has lost every one. (A possible exception is the most recent decision on OEO approving the transfer of 11 programs to other executive departments. The judge noted, however, that funds for the transferred programs exist in the designated departmental budgets.) Though the battle over impoundment has yet to reach the Supreme Court, the lower courts have been consistently unimpressed with the administration's position. "The defendent government officials raise standard objections," remarked District Judge Gerhard Gesell in a recent impoundment ruling, "it is time this litany was displaced by a modicum of common sense."

Meanwhile both houses have passed anti-impoundment bills currently in conference committee. The tougher Senate measure compels the release of withheld funds within 60 days unless both houses approve the impoundment, while the House version calls for Congress to act within 60 days to free the money. Again, though the President has said he would veto either version, he can no longer count on two-thirds of the Congress to sustain him. And if we project this trend beyond the 1974 congressional elections, the President's veto power may effectively disappear.

But the words of Walter Lippmann that preface these comments are followed by this observation: "In the final acts of the state the issues are war and peace, security and solvency, order and insurrection. In these final acts the executive power cannot be exercized by the representative assembly." That does not mean that Congress, stung by the flagrant executive misuse of power, cannot compensate for executive disability by a greater exercise of legislative leadership: it is doing that. It does mean that Congress alone, however conscientiously it tries to rise above its endemic parochialism, cannot organize and direct the national government. All we can sensibly hope for at the moment, therefore, is a government that carries us along for another three years without pitching the country over any precipice.

A Capital Case

The accidental B-52 raid on the "friendly" Cambodian town of Neak Luong last week confirmed the remarkable prescience of Justice William O. Douglas' earlier argument that the bombing ought to be halted pending higher judicial review of its constitutionality because, as in a capital case, "death is irrevocable" whatever the court decision. The raid, in which hundreds were killed and wounded, inadvertently dramatized as well the tragic futility of an administration policy that has, since its beginning, yielded little more than destruction. "We understand it was a mistake," one survivor of Neak Luong was quoted as saying. "Of course we are sad at the death. But we are also angry, and we just don't know what to do."

Nixon's strategy in Cambodia has been a combination of fraud and frustration almost from the start of his first term. He initiated a series of secret aerial attacks against Cambodia in March, 1969, and at the same time, as Tad Szulc reports in this issue, he authorized clandestine forays into that country by special forces and other covert operatives. These actions, aimed at destroying Vietcong bases, adjacent to South Vietnam, accomplished nothing. During this period, the President was publicly proclaiming that he "scrupulously" respected "the neutrality of the Cambodian people" while assailing the North Vietnamese for violating their territorial integrity. Similar guile characterized administration conduct following its invasion of Cambodia in the spring of 1970. Asserting that the "incursion" was merely designed to eliminate Vietcong sanctuaries, Secretary of State William Rogers said in May of that year that "we don't intend to become militarily involved in support of any Cambodian government," and he even conceded that the country's fall to the Communists was "not unacceptable" if the alternative meant a larger US commitment. Yet the only justification offered since then by the President for hanging on in Cambodia has been to prop up the inept Lon Nol regime, which would collapse overnight without American air power.

The deception has persisted. Early this summer, when the Congress was threatening to stop the bombing, Mr. Nixon and his foreign affairs adviser, Henry Kissinger, tried to block the move by intimating that it would compromise the "delicate negotiations" then in progress. The principal "negotiations" in the works were simply efforts by Kissinger to see Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the spokesman for the Cambodian insurgents, whose overtures he had rejected on at least two previous occasions. When the Congress finally voted in late June to halt the bombing on August 15, the President praised the "cooperative spirit" of the legislature in postponing the deadline for six weeks. The other day, however, he sent the Congress an angry letter denouncing its gesture and making it accountable for Cambodia's future. Now if holding some-

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body else responsible for one's own failures is a form of paranoia, Mr. Nixon's letter seems to reveal that tendency, and, as such, it is worth a closer look. The President squarely blames the Congress for the "dangerous potential consequences" that could result from the bombing halt, but he side-steps the fact that it was his original thrust into Cambodia that widened the war and rendered that country vulnerable in the first place. He contends that the Congress has "undermined" his attempts to negotiate a settlement, yet he submits no evidence to suggest that he was approaching a Cambodian cease-fire agreement. He calls the legislative action the "abandonment of a friend" even though, as Rogers made amply clear, the United States is not under any obligation to defend the Lon Nol government. And he warns the North Vietnamese against taking advantage of the cessation of bombing—as if he anticipates, or, worse thought, is himself planning a fresh eruption of the Indochina war. That eruption could come if President Nguyen Van Thieu of South Vietnam decides to commit his air force to helping Lon Nol. In that event, the North Vietnamese are likely to react with an offensive that would further complicate Mr. Nixon's position. For the law that prevents him from bombing Cambodia after the middle of August also bars him from resuming air strikes against North Vietnam.

Justice Douglas' opinion warrants scrutiny despite its rejection by eight of his Supreme Court associates. In urging an immediate bombing halt, he points to "the grim consequences of a capital case" in which "we know that someone is about to die," be it a Cambodian peasant or an American airman, if the raids continue. He therefore perceives "no reason to balance the equities and consider the harm to our foreign policy if one or a thousand more bombs do not drop." He further explains that only the Congress can declare war and that the President can only engage the nation in the event of a foreign challenge, and neither of these constitutional provisions apply to Cambodia: "Certainly Congress did not in terms declare war against Cambodia, and there is no one so reckless to say that the Cambodian forces are an imminent and perilous threat to our shores."

Looking back, Mr. Nixon's mistake was his refusal to seek a Cambodian settlement in January, when the Vietnam cease-fire agreement was signed in Paris. Sihanouk, anxious to avoid being left behind in the general drift toward peace, was then saying that his movement "would never hesitate to hold talks with the United States," and he proved it by asking both Chinese Premier Chou En-lai and North Vietnamese Premier Pham Van Dong to arrange meetings with Kissinger. The President and Kissinger believed in those days that Sihanouk represented nobody. Moreover, they would do nothing to rattle the fragile Lon Nol. Their calculations were wrong. Not only does Sihanouk speak for the insurgents inside Cambodia, but the Chinese and Russians, whom Mr. Nixon thought would assist him, chose to stick with the other side.

All this is beyond the ken of the Cambodians who have been victims of the more than 300,000 tons of US bombs dropped so far this year. It is also baffling to those whose husbands, wives and children lay dead or injured in the town of Neak Luong last week. One of them, a woman whose family had been wounded, posed a question that President Nixon has never properly answered. Referring to the Americans, she asked a reporter: "Why do they want to continue the war?"

Meatless August

From the moment the President announced that Phase Four of his economic program would temporarily retain the ceiling on beef prices while removing all other agricultural controls, there were predictions of disaster. With feed grain prices free to soar higher, cattlemen could hardly ignore the incentive to keep their animals off the market until September 12—the date the beef price freeze is to be lifted. (Although live cattle prices remain unfrozen and ranchers technically are able to pass on their costs, the wholesale and retail ceilings make it unprofitable for domestic cattle buyers to pay the current market rate). The US Department of Agriculture has confirmed the imminence of a major beef shortage, estimating the number of cattle slaughters has already dropped 20 percent in the last two weeks to a level 31 percent lower than last year. Nationally, 46 meat-packing centers have closed, and another 37 have curtailed production. A survey of 500 Amalgamated Meat Cutters Union locals found 30,000 meat packers and processors out of work. The National Association of Meat Purveyors believes between 60 and 75 percent of the wholesale sector of the industry has experienced shutdowns, affecting some 400,000 employees. Municipal governments in at least 19 large cities are encountering difficulties with their beef contracts, despite the urgings of suppliers' organizations that such needs be given priority. Meanwhile black markets are reported in the areas with the worst shortages. (The IRS recently discovered over half of the suppliers in New York City were violating the price ceilings through a variety of deceptive billing and marketing schemes.) Anticipating further scarcity and price increases, consumers are purchasing freezers and hoarding.

The administration is loath to admit a mistake, and government officials are predicting that the President will not "cave in" to pressures to end the freeze. Stressing the short-run nature of the scarcity, Council

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of Economic Advisers chairman Herbert Stein maintains the beef controls were necessary to distribute the food price "bulge" over a reasonable period of time. However the beef shortages interfere with the Nixonian price-spreading plan by driving up the prices of other meats (which have already jumped 10 to 20 cents a pound in some cities since Phase Four began). These apparently unforeseen increases will make the eventual beef price rises—now predicted at 20 percent—even more unpalatable.

Ironically many of the President's most influential advisers, disturbed by the general ineffectiveness of the stabilization program, show little enthusiasm for the remaining controls on beef. Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz has already publicly admitted his initial opposition to the ceilings, indicating he'd like to see them end. Treasury Secretary George Shultz hinted that action by Congress—such as the recent Senate amendment allowing beef prices to rise immediately—might give the administration an excuse to begin the thaw ahead of schedule. But at this writing, the official position hadn't changed. If low meat prices are desirable, the administration ought to establish a subsidy policy which, while guaranteeing lower prices to consumers, maintains adequate production incentives as well.

Taking an Inventory

Oil and Gas

Congress cannot make much real headway toward resolving the "energy crisis" until it obtains more reliable information on what the nation's energy resources are. The agencies of the government either never have developed that information, or in instances where they have it, they are hiding it. This is particularly relevant to the outercontinental shelf, the vast undersea territories surrounding the US where most of our future oil and gas lie.

If an oil company wants to investigate some part of the outercontinental shelf, say the Gulf of Alaska or the Atlantic Ocean off New Jersey, it asks the US Geological Survey for an exploratory permit. Usually the permit is perfunctorily granted at no cost to the applicant. If the company proceeds it will likely make two sorts of surveys. It will run a geophysical or seismic study to provide some idea of the shape of the geological structures beneath the earth's surface. These seismic "shots" are expensive and frequently companies form a consortium to carry out the work. In addition the interested corporation will take geological samples from the bottom. All of this is performed under the nominal supervision of the US Geological Survey, a branch of the Interior Department, which acts as a sort of scientific and technical adviser to the government in administering the public lands. If it appears there is oil or gas in the tract, the Bureau of Land Management, another branch of the Interior Department, sets the territory for auction and leases it to the highest bidder.

But the Bureau of Land Management is ill-equipped to manage the bidding. The oil corporations that have conducted the geophysical and geological studies are not required to submit their findings, or for that matter any information, to the government. In some instances the US Geological Survey will purchase seismic studies from the experts who made the shots for the oil firms, but because of the expense, this is an unusual step.

In certain instances the Bureau of Land Management might get a fairly good idea of the value of a certain tract by looking at the output of oil and gas wells located on adjacent tracts. New wells would be tapped into the same geological structure. But the US Geological Survey's conservation division, which collects information on operating wells, refuses to share the data with the BLM, another section of the Interior Department. The conservation division won't even show the data to the Geological Survey's geologists who are attempting to map the country's mineral resources.

Ironically both the well data and the seismic data are held in secret under provisions of the Freedom of Information Act.

Circumstances are similar on public domain lands in the western states where the nation's future coal reserves are located. The US Geological Survey here too is responsible for estimating coal reserves. But according to one official at the Survey, much basic coal information dates from the 19th century. There is little current mapping of coal reserves because the Survey does not have the money or manpower. The Survey is unable to state how much of the western coal is in the public domain and how much is owned privately. There is no information on the sulphur content of various coal save what the coal companies report. Nor is there any information on trace elements in coal. The trace elements are important in determining how well coal burns and what possible environmental hazards may be. On privately held coal lands in the east, reserve data are based on corporation reporting.

The leasing arrangements for coal are even more

COMING: John Osborne on Mr. Nixon's response to the testimony of the Watergate witnesses

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loosely drawn than those concerning the outercontinental shelf, and they contain no requirements for reporting. Under the minerals leasing act anyone may prospect on federal lands in blocks of up to 5000 acres. The prospector applies at the nearest Bureau of Land Management regional office and pays $10 for each 5000-acre block and 25 cents an acre rent for one year. If the prospector can persuade a geologist and a mining engineer to say the find is workable, he can obtain a preference right lease to the land. The mineral rights are his so long as he pays a rent of 25 cents an acre for the first year. The price rises thereafter until it reaches $1 an acre in the sixth year. If the prospector mines coal he pays a low royalty rate.

The upshot is that we literally have no comprehensive knowledge of the extent of our mineral fuels resources, save what the corporations that do the mining want to tell us. The natural gas situation is particularly absurd. About one-third of the nation's gas supplies come from the public domain outercontinental shelf off the Louisiana coast. In the future large amounts of gas and oil will be drawn from the shelf. Since the Geological Survey won't make reserve studies of the shelf and holds secret what information it has in hand, one must rely on reserve estimates prepared by the American Gas Association, the trade group of oil companies that produce most of the gas. Over the years there have been numerous questions raised as to the reliability of the AGA figures. The most recent resulted from a spot investigation by the FTC discovering discrepancies of as much as 200 percent between reserve figures used by companies for internal purposes and those reported to the public through the AGA.

There are several proposed remedies. Senators Nelson and Hart offered an amendment to the Alaskan pipeline bill that would have required energy companies to disclose their holdings in periodic reports. They would give the FTC authority to investigate the basis of the data. Another amendment by Senator Humphrey proposed to establish a reporting procedure in the public domain that would have included periodic investigations by the US Geological Survey. These amendments were withdrawn after Senator Jackson promised to hold hearings in the Interior Committee later this year. Nelson will be the chairman and his staff now is drawing up a more detailed bill.

What needs to be done is for Congress in the most specific language to *direct* the Interior Department agencies in charge of minerals, including the USGS, and the Bureau of Land Management to conduct routine investigations of energy mineral resources in the public domain lands, and to make public reports on reserves and production each year. It ought to direct Interior to issue regulations governing exploratory leases requiring companies that hold such permits to submit detailed reports of their findings to Interior where they would be open to public scrutiny.

Congress might then require that all US energy companies file reports on their reserve holdings and production activities, both here and abroad, under criminal penalties for failure to do so, and equip the Federal Trade Commission with subpoena powers so that it not only can investigate corporate records, including those containing background data, but also gain access to company lands for the purpose of checking and making spot investigations on reserves.

James Ridgeway

How I Didn't Shoot Eisenhower

My problem with the FBI began not long after Pearl Harbor. The neat visitor in the serge suit scolded me gently for not demanding, in wartime, to see his credentials first. He had come to inquire about Professor Richmond Lattimore. Yes, I knew him well: we had collaborated in a joint first book. The height of Dick's international repute as the foremost translator of Greek classics lay some years ahead, but it was clear that my questioner began with no knowledge of the norms taken for granted in academic life, nor of the public information concerning the man he was investigating. Did Lattimore read *The Nation* or *The New Republic*? I said I hoped so. My visitor's cardboard calm wrinkled into quite unfeigned astonishment. (My FBI raw file probably started right there.) I added the commonplace reasons: if you admire them, of course you'll read them; if you distrust them it's your duty to keep track of what they're up to. This my visitor seemed to regard as double-talk. My answers veered toward caution. His annoyance grew.

"All I need to know is," he suddenly exclaimed, "is he a commie? Is he a pinko? Is he a red?" The exact words, treasured in memory. I said, "No." Dick got his naval commission: interviews must have been held with informants defter than I.

After the war, annoyed by the behavior of the House Un-American Activities Committee toward writers in Hollywood, I drew up a petition that the group be transferred to other committees of the House. The document lay on my desk to be co-signed by those who came to do so of their own accord. The signers included more than 50 members of the faculty of Dartmouth College and about 100 students. All through the high times of McCarthyism, their rashness pursued them—and me. My FBI callers became frequent. Most asked if student X, who had signed the thing, had just been a misguided kid. Considering what had happened meanwhile, I had come to think of each student X as, more than ever, an upright defender of

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the Constitution. My questioners never hinted whether they knew that the petition had been my own. Was I expected to say so? Would my raw file confirm me as an evasive rascal if I merely responded to questions asked? Would praise from the likes of me be a black mark against the young office-seeker? Were these investigators absurdly inept, or trained to seem so?

There was one light moment. Into the Public Affairs Laboratory, where many current periodicals were kept for research projects, marched an investigator in search of Mr. Boa. I said I expected him shortly. Tom Braden, later of the CIA and nowadays a columnist, strode in. He was followed, as always, by his huge German shepherd, Jerboa, whom I introduced to our visitor from the FBI. It was all explainable. We who ran the lab had seen nothing amiss in subscribing to *The Nation* and *The New Republic*, but had had it addressed to J. E. R. Boa, at the lab's post office box. Who had informed on Boa we never learned.

The most notable FBI visit came later. It was announced in the spring of 1953 that President Eisenhower would speak at commencement. A day in advance one of the college's administrators turned up at my study with an FBI man who was checking all rooms overlooking the outdoor scene of the exercises. He felt behind books, dumped the waste basket, pulled out desk drawers, hefted my model of the *Wild Wave*—a clipper, fortunately, with no little brass guns to let go a possible broadside of curari-tipped brads. *Guns!* As the two were bowing their way out I had a dreadful recollection. Years earlier my small son had brought home a live cartridge traded by a friend. Seeing it, I recalled the Smith & Wesson .38, never used, inherited from my father. Small boys might put things together. I had carried the revolver to my study for safer keeping, far back in the shallow central desk drawer, and had forgotten about it.

"Just a minute," I said, and pulled the drawer all the way out. Hidden under some papers, there was the weapon. "You'd better take it," I suggested.

In the whodunits written when I was young and hungry, I denied myself clichés such as, "The blood drained from his face," but this time I saw it happen. Whiteness went down the ruddy brow and cheeks like a drawn window shade. Unable to speak, the poor sleuth flipped out a big folded handkerchief to pick up and wrap the Smith & Wesson. The president, next day, put aside his ghosted script and ad libbed his "Don't Join the Book Burners" speech. My gun came back on Monday in a blue envelope.

What went into my raw file on this occasion I would love to know. An FBI man doing his reasonable duty should not have been the only one shamed. All the others, inept at a witless routine, had wasted time and public money. Their kind of questioning could not possibly get useful truth from the very persons whose lives are devoted to the twin jobs of trying to decide what truth is, and then of writing or teaching what seems true. The rawness invited by such approaches from those who trust hearsay is something to be contemplated in sorrow.

Alexander Laing

Mr. Laing, *an American historian, is professor emeritus at Dartmouth.*

The Yugoslav Experiment

A Socialism of Sorts

by Melville J. Ulmer

Belgrade

Yugoslavia resembles a primitive caricature of *laissez-faire* capitalism much more than it does the monolithic Communist models of nearby Hungary, Romania and Czechoslovakia, not to mention the Soviet Union. The new constitution, now being debated and polished by innumerable workers' councils, assemblies and committees, marks the latest phase in the reduction of governmental power. So far has the persistent transformation gone that it is already difficult for a Western traveler—suntan lotion firmly in one hand and slivovitz in the other—to discover where the "socialism" is. Everyone in this busy country (population 21 million) seems preoccupied with maximizing profits, wages or salaries in factories, mines or farms, restoring memories of Veblen's acerbic sketches of the acquisitive nouveau riche in turn-of-the-century America. For the

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Yugoslavs are spending money even faster than they make it on a flood of consumer goods, autos and villas that lend to the big cities and resorts an exaggerated air of affluence—exaggerated because the bustling, well-heeled middle class is still a minority, though growing. Moreover they go about their business as producers or spenders with fewer restrictions, taxes or other governmental regulations than are common in capitalist countries. Predictably, on a scale broader than in the present Nixeconomy of the United States, Yugoslavia has experienced inflation along with unemployment, successive devaluations, a precarious balance of payments, constant cost-push pressures throughout industry, and huge inequalities in income distribution. The fruits of freedom are luxuriously provided. Even in their street behavior the people seem unsocialist, or antisocial, littering the sidewalks with trash, despite ample receptacles, and tossing garbage into their picturesque harbors. Only for those foreigners who remain riveted to the tourists' seaside and to their own preconceptions, can there appear to be any resemblance between the Yugoslavs and the closely regimented populations in most of the remainder of Eastern Europe.

Whatever socialism inheres in this nation resides in the property relationships that have been guaranteed in law, and progressively strengthened, since the 1950s. Private ownership of the means of production, while not ruled out entirely, is restricted to enterprises with five employees or less: mostly smaller retailers, craftsmen or professionals and some of the farms. The bulk of the economy—estimates range from 80 to 95 percent—consists of self-managed enterprises operating "socially owned" factories, mines, commercial establishments, banks and farms in which the de facto owners are the workers and managers who operate them. Each enterprise is an independent business entity. Its revenue, after taxes, goes with no strings attached to the workers (including executives) who run it. The employee-owners divide the receipts among themselves, in accord with their individual contributions or productivity, as judged by their own councils in which each man or woman, regardless of rank, has one vote. The same workers' councils make the crucial decisions about conditions and methods of production, prices, purchases and other matters, except insofar as they are provisionally delegated to top executives or technicians. When a worker retires, leaves his job, or is fired (by vote of all employees), his stake in the ownership of the firm expires. Property rights in socially owned capital are not transferable. As official literature reiterates, the principle of distribution is strictly "to each according to his output"—a standard that is modified mainly by a pension system and a national health service. There are no handouts, either in welfare or unemployment insurance, except for the disabled and the aged.

The slogan that appears again and again in Tito's speeches is "self-management." But it is also on the tongues of workers and executives, who are openly proud of their brand of economic democracy and join eagerly with the fervor of a Goldwater in each new move to cut government restraints, which by now have all but disappeared. Yugoslavia is a federation of six regional republics and two provinces, but the prerogatives of the federal government, and of the state and provincial governments, have been successively narrowed. Economic planning and social regulations, to the extent that they exist, reside in the 500 local "communes," and within the communes (which consist of cities or groups of villages), in the 15,000 independent enterprises in which economic activity is centered. Incidentally, included among the independent firms are the railroads, telephone companies and electric utilities. The federal government runs nothing except national defense, international relations, a central bank and a modest fund for aiding the country's underdeveloped areas. The six republics run the post offices. Communist rhetoric aside, Adam Smith and Milton Friedman would feel comfortably at home. The federal government, which must by law keep its budget in balance, cannot even exercise its fiscal powers in familiar Keynesian fashion for purposes of stabilization.

The result is that the chief characteristic of the Yugoslav economy is a kind of decentralization not easily distinguishable from disorganization. The decisions of the nation's central bank are subject to the approval of the numerous independent commercial banks, and indirectly of the 500 communes and the many thousands of enterprises, a few of which are very large and influential. In practice, credit has been almost unlimited. Self-managed enterprises have exercised little resistance to self-voted raises in wages and salaries. Under the cost-push, prices rose 17 percent in 1972, leading to a federal "rollback" and "price-wage freeze" early this year. But under the so-called freeze, from last December through this June, prices accelerated to a 25 percent annual rate of increase, reflecting the power of the communes and the enterprises, in this mecca of decentralization, to disapprove or amend anything that a central authority might suggest. Three recent and successive devaluations of the *dinar*, plus a welcome upsurge in tourism, have helped to keep Yugoslavia's tenuous balance of international payments within bounds. The remittances of some 700,000

SUMMER SCHEDULE:

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Yugoslavs working in West Germany, France and elsewhere, also helped.

Yet with productivity rising and wages mounting even faster than prices, most Yugoslavs have prospered during the past decade. Per capita incomes, in real, purchasing power terms, have increased by between six and seven percent a year, more than in most other successfully developing countries. In a single generation Yugoslavia has moved from among the poorest of countries, predominantly agricultural and illiterate, to the rising lower middle class among nations, about on a par with Portugal, with a largely educated and predominantly industrialized population. On the other hand, unemployment has typically hovered around eight percent of the labor force, not counting the displaced workers who found jobs abroad. Serious pockets of poverty and ignorance mark the entire country, but especially in the more primitive regions of Kossovo and rugged Macedonia. To retard unemployment the various republics have commonly subsidized otherwise insolvent firms, leading to inefficiencies, distorted incentives and sometines corruption. In the larger enterprises, in which workers were lax, inexperienced or insufficiently educated, managerial groups have managed to secure centers of economic and political power, even though their contracts are nominally subject to severance by the workers and must by law be periodically reviewed. The rise of a powerful and wealthy managerial class, with some resemblance to a capitalist class, has been recognized and deplored by Tito. In deference to regional pride, and in the absence of coordination, an inefficient duplication of the more prestigious types of productive facilities has proliferated in the several republics and sundry communes, in the same way that each tiny African nation feels constrained to display a steel mill and a national airline.

It was in response to such problems, and to more serious ones of a political nature, that Tito sprang into action some two years ago with a reform program that is still in progress. The political problems, which were of greatest concern, related to the integrity of the Yugoslav nation itself. In Croatia especially, where fascists had bitterly opposed Tito's Partisans during World War II, divisive nationalistic tensions have remained strong. For their part, the majority of Serbs and the others in Yugoslavia, who fought off the invading Nazis with unsurpassed ferocity and skill, cannot easily forget that the greater part of their 1,700,000 dead were slaughtered by their own quislings. In 1970-71, when a nostalgic alliance among Croatian politicians, nationalists and an arch-conservative Roman Catholic clergy (freedom of religion is constitutionally guaranteed and observed in Yugoslavia) approached the level of insurrection and secession, open internecine warfare seemed imminent. It was at this point that Tito moved vigorously to reshuffle politicians and bureaucrats in Croatia and elsewhere, resulting in numerous demotions and scores of arrests. Though the word "purge" has been used by some Western journalists, with its connotation of Stalin-style ruthlessness, the federal officials with whom I spoke were vehement in denying the faintest similarity. Tito, they say, acted moderately and fully in accord with his constitutional obligation to defend the unity and the self-management institutions of the country.

It is a verifiable fact that the people, as well as the public officials of Yugoslavia, express themselves on economic and political matters with apparent freedom. Newspapers, magazines, radio and TV seem free to criticize, short of preaching violent revolution. The most common complaints expressed to me by private citizens concerned the alleged indolence and waste of the nation's bureaucracy, a view, whether true or false, that would find echoes in the United States, Great Britain, France and probably every other country in which people speak without fear of reprisal.

The League of Communists, of which Tito is chairman, has been strengthened after some years of laxity and reorganized to guard against threats to the nation's unity. Such threats, in turn, appear likely to grow weaker on their own since they arise mainly from a diminishing number of older centers of ethnic separatism. In the economic sphere the prospects for successful reform are more doubtful. The burden of the new constitution is to reduce further the economic powers of the republican governments. For example, they are constrained from influencing the flow of cash and credit to individual enterprises. More than ever, the allocation of capital is to be left to the decisions and profit calculations of the individual banks and borrowers. The federal government has already been effectively stripped of economic influence, and the new constitution will reinforce those bars.

Yet the instability of the nation's economic performance, in accelerating inflation and high unemployment, seems to cry for some central direction. So do the harsh inequalities in income and the tendency for a growing managerial class to thwart self-management. Worker-owners are tempted to "bleed" their capital facilities in favor of immediate income, a practice that is starkly evident in unmaintained, deteriorating factories and machinery. There's a wasteful replication of showy investment projects among rival republics and communes, that would be more efficient if they were consolidated or unified. Perhaps above all, the fundamental obligation of a nation to utilize its own manpower fully for the satisfaction of common needs has been honored over the past two decades most frequently in the breach.

On paper Yugoslavia is a model, participatory democracy, and in practice the prototype is qualified mainly by the political inexperience and educational

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deficiencies of the public, and by the special position accorded Tito. Both caveats are all but certain to attenuate with time. The population votes freely and frequently to elect thousands of representatives in workers' councils, communes and the deliberative bodies of the republics and the federal government, including a federal assembly (or parliament) of 670 members. Citizens vote for various officers as individuals, and again as members of particular communes, industries and geographical areas. All representatives are elected for four-year terms and cannot be reelected within the next four-year period. The grand exception, of course, is the 81-year-old Tito, who has been elected for life. With his death, according to the new constitution, the office of president will be replaced by a Presidium of 20 members, elected from the six republics and the two provinces.

The dangers to the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia are from within, in its ethnic and economic divisions, and from without, in the jealous animosity of the Soviet Union. The numerous government officials I visited to a man expressed optimism. So did ordinary citizens. My own confidence, at least in the plans now in the offing, is more tentative. Economically the jumbled, paroxysmal activity of the Yugoslavs needs more purposeful planning. Politically, a binding link is required that in the past has been provided by Tito's prestige and the memory of his glory. The unwieldy collective presidency, the Presidium, *may* be led and dominated by a single personality, more forceful, imaginative and inspiring than the rest. It is said that Tito believes that his second in command—48-year-old Stane Dolanc, now executive secretary of the League of Communists—has that ability. It will be fortunate for Yugoslavia if Tito is right. It will be even more fortunate if Dolanc combines a devotion to democracy with a deep understanding of his nation's economic problems. For the extension of freedom, I think rightly, had been given first priority in Tito's vision of development. The time is ripe now to provide the directive guidelines that can make that freedom work to the common good.

Another Skeleton in the Closet?

Kent State Revisited

by Nathan Lewin

When Attorney General John Mitchell announced two years ago that the Justice Department was closing out its criminal investigation of the Ohio national guardsmen who had participated in the May 1970 shooting spree at Kent State University that killed four students and wounded nine, *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* agreed in their editorial columns that the decision was "right"—the *Post* adopting the common Nixon theme that Mr. Mitchell had taken "the harder of the two roads open to him." Twenty-four months later, when the purity of Mitchell's motives is not as readily presumed, a successor in office, Elliot Richardson, has formally stated that a fresh investigation of the Kent State shootings is being begun. Mr. Richardson's new assistant attorney general for civil rights, J. Stanley Pottinger is reviewing the full file. The reappraisal, Pottinger says, is the culmination of various pressures to reopen the case, including a series of civil suits instituted by the parents of the victims and those who have joined them over the past three years in urging that the guardsmen be brought to justice.

The impulsive approval conferred on Mr. Mitchell's August 1971 decision by the *Times* and *Post* was wrong—both as a matter of law and of federal policy—when it was made, and its correction is long overdue. What is initially surprising, however, and has not yet received serious comment in the press, is why the administration should have chosen this time and this case to announce its reversal. Mr. Mitchell's 1971 decision to drop the case followed disclosures in the press of the FBI report which had concluded that the guardsmen had not shot in self-defense and that their claim "that their lives were endangered by the students was fabricated subsequent to the event." In September 1970 the Scranton Commission Report on Campus Unrest found, after exhaustive study of the

NATHAN LEWIN *is a Washington attorney who was formerly an assistant to the solicitor general and a deputy assistant attorney general.*

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facts, that the shootings were "unnecessary, unwarranted and inexcusable." Governor Scranton, along with other members of his commission, called publicly for a federal grand jury investigation, and the commission was told in the Justice Department's formal response of March 1971 to its recommendations that a decision on convening a federal grand jury would "be made within the next few weeks." Nothing further was heard from the attorney general's office until August 1971, although the United Methodist Church published in June a painstakingly detailed analysis of the available evidence by a volunteer insurance broker who made a persuasive showing that there was prearrangement among one troop of the national guard to fire on the students harassing them. This confirmed a general thesis that author James Michener had put forward in his book on Kent State published in April 1971.

The Mitchell decision did not remove the subject of Kent State from public concern. In November and December 1971 trials were conducted in Ohio of some of the students who had been indicted in October 1970 by an Ohio grand jury for rioting. (A contemporaneously issued "report" of the state grand jury exonerating the national guard was ordered destroyed by a federal judge.) The prosecution dropped 20 of 25 indictments after it had obtained a misdemeanor conviction in one case. Two defendants had pleaded guilty to lesser charges, and two other cases had been dismissed for insufficient evidence. The obvious inadequacy of the state's case again raised calls for a federal investigation. Senators Kennedy and McGovern challenged the Mitchell finding, Kennedy having announced earlier that he intended to investigate the Justice Department's handling of Kent State—which he never did. At about the same time, petitions to reconsider the Mitchell decision signed by more than 10,000 students at Kent State and supported by the president of the university were submitted to the White House with substantial publicity. The Department of Justice stood firm as did the White House. Leonard Garment—now one of the President's principal advisers on Watergate-related matters—dealt with the petitioning group and finally communicated the considered decision that there would be no change in the previously announced determination. The parents' civil suits were, by and large, unsuccessful—with the Supreme Court, on one of the last days of the most recent term, reversing even a minor victory that had been won in a federal court of appeals. The Court did, however, agree to review next term a court of appeals decision that had rejected a civil suit for damages brought by the parents of the victims.

Why then the sudden change of heart after the doggedness with which the administration had adhered to the Mitchell decision and the success with which it has, to date, weathered storms? The change in manpower at the civil rights division is an unsatisfactory explanation, since it is most unusual for a new division head to reexamine decisions fully considered by his predecessors. In fact in a response to the Senate Judiciary Committee made at the time of his own confirmation hearings for the job of assistant attorney general, David Norman—Pottinger's predecessor—told the committee that *two* assistant attorneys general had reviewed the case. A full assessment and recommendation on Kent State had been made to Mitchell by Jerris Leonard, Norman's predecessor, in March 1971, and the case was later sent back by Mitchell to Norman for his personal views after Leonard left the civil rights division to become head of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. At the end of July 1971 Norman's personal recommendation—which took into account the report of the United Methodist Church—went to Mitchell, but there is no indication what that recommendation was.

Suspicious minds may wonder, in light of recent revelations of the role that partisan politics played in Mr. Mitchell's Department of Justice, whether there is not a skeleton rattling in this closet, and whether the renewed interest in Kent State was designed to head off some startling disclosure as to how or why the case was initially quashed. What makes the circumstances all the more suspicious is that the August 1971 decision was so plainly out of keeping with what the Civil Rights Division was doing at the time in less publicized cases and so completely unjustified as a matter of law that it is difficult to believe that it could have been reached in good faith.

The Mitchell announcement said that the case was being closed because "there is no credible evidence of a conspiracy between National Guardsmen to shoot students on the campus and that there is no likelihood of successful prosecution of individual guardsmen." Two criminal laws dating back to Reconstruction days are the basis for federal jurisdiction over abuses of power by local law enforcement personnel. The first—Section 241 of the Federal Criminal Code—makes it a felony to conspire to deprive any citizen of constitutional rights. The second—Section 242—provided until 1968 that it was a misdemeanor (punishable by up to one year in jail) to subject "any inhabitant of any State, Territory, or District" to the deprivation of constitutional rights "under color of any law . . . or custom," even in the absence of conspiracy. The 1968 Civil Rights Act amended Section 242 by providing that where "death results," even a nonconspiratorial deprivation of constitutional rights under color of law could be punished by "imprisonment for any term of years or for life."

In cases decided by the Supreme Court as long ago as 1941, Section 242 was read as covering abuses of police power by local law officials. One 1951 case from Florida, for example, concerned a beating administered to an arrested suspect by a special police officer

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who was trying to extract a confession. The Supreme Court said that the accused had the constitutional right "to be tried by a legally constituted court, not by a kangaroo court," and it sustained a conviction under the law. And in the 1941 ruling, which clearly laid down the rule that the statute applied even to instances where there was no racially discriminatory conduct by law enforcement officials, the Court said that the federal law was intended to reach "misuse of power, possessed by virtue of state law and made possible only because the wrongdoer is clothed with the authority of state law." Both the conspiracy and the then-misdemeanor statutes were used in the prosecution of the Mississippians who murdered civil rights workers Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman in June 1964, and the Supreme Court upheld those indictments again quoting language from earlier cases that the laws covered situations "where police take matters in their own hands" and that the federal government has prosecutorial authority over "official lawlessness."

Whatever credible version one accepts of the events at Kent State on May 4, 1970, there can be no doubt that there was "misuse of power . . . made possible only because the wrongdoer is clothed with the authority of state law." Photographs of the day's events, published in the Scranton commission report, show unmistakably that the group of national guardsmen responsible for the shooting was marching, in a body, up a hill away from the victims at 12:20 pm on that day. Suddenly as they reached the crest of the hill at 12:25, a group of them wheeled around and fired in the direction of a parking lot that was more than 100 yards away. No one has yet satisfactorily explained how a group of more than 20 men could, without prearrangement, perform with such split-second timing. The United Methodist Church report suggests that a pistol shot by a sergeant was the signal; Michener felt that there was a general agreement to fire when the top of the hill was reached. In any event the pictures themselves (a comparison of Photos 41-45 and Photos 46-49 of the Scranton commission report) are compeling evidence of a conspiracy, whether or not the testimony of witnesses is, in Mr. Mitchell's word, "credible." And the fact that the FBI had proof of a fabricated story of self-defense to make that charge in its summary is additional evidence that the participants were worried enough about the truth that they devised, in now-fashionable Watergate lingo, a "cover-up."

More telling than even the conspiracy proof is the fact that no conspiracy need have been found to justify federal prosecution. Under Section 242 any individual guardsman who shot at the students without honestly believing that such action was necessary in self-defense could be prosecuted and sentenced to jail for life. According to the Scranton commission report, 28 guardsmen admitted firing; 61 shots were fired over a 13-second period. The FBI evidence that the guardsmen" did not believe that they were being fired upon" and the Scranton commission conclusion that the shooting was "unnecessary, unwarranted, and inexcusable"—a conclusion expressly ratified by Mr. Mitchell in his announcement of August 1971—should have been enough to justify presentation of the proof to a federal grand jury and a request for an indictment under Section 242. In May 1971 the Justice Department announced the indictment of a Quincy, Massachusetts patrolman for assaulting a teenager and knocking out his upper front teeth after the arrested teenager had made a derogatory remark. The press release proudly announced that the patrolman "was the fifth law enforcement officer indicted in the past week on charges of depriving citizens on their constitutional rights." Yet at that very moment the Civil Rights Division's recommendation on Kent State—whatever it may have been—was resting in Mr. Mitchell's office and action was long overdue.

Federal indictments of other law enforcement personnel under Section 242 were filed all through 1971, even after the Kent State investigation was closed because there was "no likelihood of successful prosecutions of individual guardsmen." Early in September 1971, for example, the Justice Department announced in a single press release that two Houston police officers, a policeman in Willacoochee, Georgia, and three deputy sheriffs in rural Georgia were indicted in separate cases under Section 242 for "inflicting summary punishment without due process of law" on individuals who were in custody. In the Texas case the federal indictments were filed even though the defendants had been acquitted in the Texas state courts on murder charges arising out of the same incident.

Why, in light of this consistent policy, did Mr. Mitchell refuse even to call together a federal grand jury that could hear sworn testimony on the Kent State case? Did the explanation that there could be no "successful prosecutions of individual guardsmen" mask some aspect fo the case—apart from the evidence of guilt or innocence—that made prosecution impossible? The recent disclosure that Terry Norman, identified in the published FBI reports as a "free-lance photographer" who was carrying a weapon, was an undercover infiltrator may simply be the tip of the iceberg. Might there have been other embarrassing information that the prosecution would have been compelled to disclose if it had indicted the guardsmen? Mr. Mitchell's 1971 statement refers guardedly to the receipt of "a recommendation from the Civil Rights Division," without explaining why the initial March 1971 recommendation was sent back for another look and a second recommendation by the successor assistant attorney general. A host of questions remain unanswered and will continue to be unanswered even if the new investigation results in a criminal charge.

And maybe the most interesting question does not

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concern Kent State at all. Ten days after the Kent State tragedy, two students at Jackson State College—a black school in Mississippi—were killed and 12 were wounded in an even more irrational shooting spree by the Mississippi Highway Patrol and five Jackson, Mississippi policemen. In that case a federal grand jury was impaneled and it heard witnesses intermittently between July 6 and December 11, 1970. It returned no indictments and all indications are that the Justice Department sought none. In testimony before a Senate committee in June 1971, Governor Scranton and Judge Matthew Byrne of Ellsberg-case fame (who had been executive director for the Scranton commission) said, "we would like to know why the federal officials at Jackson did not request an indictment." Their question remains unanswered.

More Hushed-up Mischief in Asia

Mum's the War

by Tad Szulc

Now, nearly four years after the fact, we know that acting under President Nixon's personal authority, US military units engaged in almost daily ground incursions into Cambodia during 1969 as part of broad top-secret intelligence operations ranging over much of Southeast Asia.

These incursions, known by the code name "Salem House," involved at different times US army special forces (Green Berets), Central Intelligence Agency operatives, South Vietnamese Rangers, Khmer Serei detachments of ethnic Cambodians from South Vietnam and Chinese Nhung mercenaries. They were coordinated with secret B-52 and tactical US air strikes against targets in Cambodia that went on for 14 months in 1969 and 1970. The Pentagon acknowledged last month that it had been falsifying reports about the Cambodian air strikes to give the impression for "diplomatic reasons" that the B-52 raids were being conducted only over South Vietnam. Disclosures about "Salem House" raids into Cambodia and other concealed intelligence activities in Southeast Asia came in recent days in interviews with former CIA agents and military specialists who had served with the National Security Agency, which covertly synchronized all these operations.

Some clandestine crossings by special forces teams, as deep as 30 miles into Cambodia, occurred in 1967 and 1968, but the operation was put on a virtually daily basis in February 1969, immediately after Nixon took office. The Senate Armed Forces Committee began receiving corroborating testimony last week from former members of Green Beret squads about clandestine cross-border operations.

But new information obtained by *The New Republic* shows that in addition to the Cambodian incursions, secret US operations in Southeast Asia included:

► Training of Khmer Serei units (also known as Mike Forces) at two CIA camps in Greece. Khmers Serei were flown to Greece in mid-1969 under the so-called "doctrine of plausible denial," meaning that such training, if suspected, could be credibly denied. It was under the same concept that the CIA earlier trained Tibetan guerrillas in Colorado. At his Senate confirmation hearings on July 3, William E. Colby, the new CIA director, acknowledged that the agency had worked "from time to time" with George Papadopoulos, the Greek military leader and now President, but refused to say whether, as alleged, he had ever been on the CIA payroll. At one point in 1969, the Khmers Serei were supposed to be used by the US in a coup against Prince Norodom Sihanouk's regime, something the administration also disclaimed.

► Cross-border commando raids into China from Laotian territory in 1969, involving special forces and CIA advisers.

► So-called "Ferret Flights" by US aircraft over the Chinese border to force Chinese jet fighters to scramble and thus allow NSA experts to work out radar plots of China's air defenses. These flights, code-named "Ceflyn Lion," "Sentinel Eagle," and "Sentinel Sarah," were conducted during 1969 from air bases in Thailand, although high-flying RB-71 reconnaissance planes based in the US were also used;

TAD SZULC *was a diplomatic correspondent for* The New York Times.

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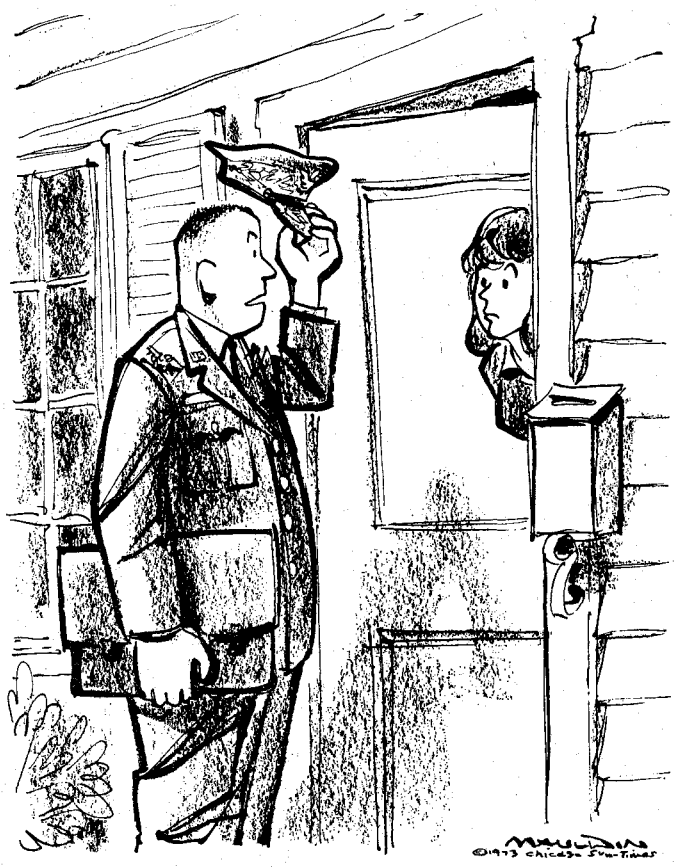
► Covert actions in Burma at the confluence of Thai and Chinese borders. The CIA station in Bangkok was in charge of these activities.

The secret incursions into Cambodia were comparable to raids by US units into Laos, known as "Operation Prairie Fire." The latter were kept up until 1972. A large-scale secret 1969 penetration in Laos, designed to cut the flow of supplies over the Ho Chi Minh trail, involved a sizable marines unit. "Salem House" raids into Cambodia were no longer required after US troops openly moved into that country during the May 1970 offensive.

Both the secret bombings and ground incursions in 1969 were in flagrant contradiction to President Nixon's statement on April 30, 1970, that prior to the invasion US policy had been "to respect scrupulously the neutrality of the Cambodian people." Senior Defense Department officials privately confirming the "Salem House" and "Prairie Fire" operations, now say they had been "cleared from the very top." Under questioning, they admit that President Nixon had personally authorized them as top-secret operations in the same way in which he cleared the 3360 B-52 sorties over Cambodia in 1969 and 1970.

Late in July the Pentagon hinted that special operations may have been conducted in Cambodia and Laos when it announced that 121 US servicemen, officially reported as having been killed in Vietnam, actually died in the two adjoining countries.



"Your husband's death in Vietnam is inoperative. He died in Cambodia."

Highly classified intelligence operations in Southeast Asia in 1969 and afterward were run by a complex secret command chain attached to the US Military Advisory Command, Vietnam (MACV), in Saigon, including representatives of the army, the air force, the CIA and the National Security Agency.

NSA groups utilizing military and civilian electronic intelligence specialists worked covertly in Vietnam and were known as Direct Support Units (DSU). Their task was to coordinate intelligence and combat operations on all levels with special emphasis on targeting air strikes and ground crossings in Cambodia, Laos and North Vietnam.

Cross-border operations into Cambodia were usually conducted by a special Green Berets unit identified as "B57" and composed of Special Forces and CIA personnel. Green Berets are divided into "A" and "B" detachments, the latter being operational. In so-called "unilateral" operations, only US personnel crossed into Cambodia from a series of "B57" bases strung along the Cambodian border in Vietnam.

"Bilateral" crossings involved Americans as well as Khmer Serei, South Vietnamese and Nhung units. Bilateral and unilateral crossings were also conducted in Cambodia from Thailand.

According to Winslow Peck, a former air force staff sergeant who served in Vietnam as an NSA analyst and liaison official with the Army Security Agency, and other intelligence sources, NSA "targeting" for Cambodia began in February 1969. Peck, who now is a member of a Washington-based organization known as The Committee for Action Research on the Intelligence Community (CARIC), said in an interview that he was attached during 1969 to the Eighth Radio Research Unit based at Phu Bai in Vietnam, then the headquarters of the Fifth Special Forces Group. The Eighth R.R.U. was part of the 509th Radio Research Group which, in turn, was controlled by the Army Security Agency.

CARIC, a private group of former intelligence agents, is dedicated to public dissemination of information about the doings of US intelligence agencies.

The 509th R.R.G. and the air force's 6994th Security Squadron formed a joint operational office known as ACC and located at the Seventh Air Force command in Saigon. ACC was the top-secret electronic intelligence operations center. Pentagon sources said ACC stood for Airborne-Radio-Direction-Finder Coordination Center. It was staffed with specialists from the 404th Special Operations Detachment of the NSA, the agency's force assigned to Vietnam. NSA units in Vietnam—the DSUs—belonged to Bravo Group, the special office in charge of Indochina operations at NSA's headquarters at Ft. Mead, near Washington.

ACC in Saigon, according to Peck and other former intelligence specialists, provided intelligence support for another top-secret command, the Studies and

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Observation Group (SOG) operating under MAC/V's J-2 section. It was known as MAC/V-SOG.

MAC/V-SOG was divided into three separate segments: Command and Control North, Command and Control Center and Command and Control South. Each SOG command was responsible for cross-border operations in its area. SOG/North infiltrated teams into the Demilitarized Zone and North Vietnam. SOG/Center and South were in charge of "Salem House" raids in Cambodia and "Prairie Fire" in Laos. Most of the Cambodian incursions were directed by SOG/Center in Kontum. Targeting for air strikes and ground operations was the responsibility of Peck's NSA unit based at Phu Bai and Kontum. Peck said in the interview that his function was to serve as NSA analyst for air reconnaissance missions over northeastern Cambodia which was known as "Variant 12." The air missions were code-named "Combat Cougar." A Combat Cougar mission was usually flown by a C-47 aircraft jammed with highly sophisticated electronic radio direction finding gear and carrying NSA experts.

When an NSA controller aboard a Combat Cougar plane spotted a North Vietnamese or Vietcong unit or depot, he radioed the information to the nearest NSA Direct Support Unit on the ground in Vietnam or in the air. The NSA unit, in turn, passed on its intelligence to ACC in Saigon. The ACC informed SOG and a determination was made whether an air strike, artillery fire or a B57 ground crossing was required. NSA experts in the guise of Direct Support Unit personnel were attached to each B57 detachment to serve as electronic intelligence advisers. The planes used in these missions over Cambodia and Laos used the Kontum airfield. CANUC was the code designation in NSA channels for communications related to Cambodian air and ground activities.

Peck said that cross-border operations were usually designed to find and destroy Communist "*ban trams*," which were North Vietnamese and Vietcong arms and food depots inside Cambodia. Some of the B57 missions were known as SLAM (Search, Locate, Annihilate Mission). Others were designed to check the patterns of Communist troops and supply movements inside Cambodia. Harassment of Communist areas was another mission of the B57 units. Pentagon officials described all these missions as "trail-watching" operations when they were asked last week about the 1969 incursions.

In all cases, Peck said, the incursions into Cambodia and Laos—sometimes on foot and sometimes by helicopter—were guided by Combat Cougar flights that fed electronic intelligence to ACC and SOG. Peck and other former intelligence specialists involved in these operations said in interviews that the crossings into Cambodia and Laos were far from successful and that B57 units often suffered heavy losses. He said a Combat Cougar C-47 was shot down in 1969 with the loss of 12 lives.

In the crossing missions, Special Forces and CIA agents wore North Vietnamese uniforms or "sterile" fatigues, uniforms without any unit or rank insignias. They went into the Cambodian jungles with their faces greased black, commando style.

Peck and others said that during 1969, there were 23 separate types of intelligence flights in Southeast Asia. Since the US withdrawal from Vietnam, Combat Cougar missions have been switched to the Ramasun NSA-CIA base near the Udorn Air Force Base in Thailand. Other sources say these missions are still being flown in support of the US bombings in Cambodia. Ramasun is the present headquarters of the Seventh Radio Research Field Station that earlier operated at Phu Bai. The air force's 6994th Security Squadron has moved to the Nakorn Phanom base in Thailand.

According to Peck and other intelligence officers who served in Indochina, plans were afoot in 1969 to mount a coup aginst Sihanouk, and that the Khmer Serei "Mike Forces" were being trained in Laos, South Vietnam and Greece for that purpose. The proposed coup, coordinated by the CIA, was known in the intelligence community as "Operation Dewey Canyon II." Earlier covert operations in Laos by US military units, including elements of the Ninth marine division, were code-named Dewey Canyon I. Officials in Washington refuse to discuss the reported plans for the 1969 coup and will not say why it was cancelled. Sihanouk was subsequently overthrown in March 1970—two months before the US invasion—and has since lived in Peking.

The new disclosures of secret US air and ground operations in Cambodia have served to emphasize that the Nixon administration systematically and in a highly organized fashion had been violating Cambodian sovereignty since 1969, while charging North Vietnam with aggression. The ground operations in the Laotian panhandle were in violation of 1969 legislation. This long history of secret involvements raises questions as to the plans of the Nixon administration in Cambodia after US bombings cease on August 15 under the compromise resolution worked out in July between the Senate and the White House. US air power—and its intelligence support facilities—remain in Thailand and surely the administration must feel tempted to use it in some fashion after this week's deadline. There certainly is precedent for new covert enterprises.

In an affidavit filed with the Supreme Court on August 4 seeking a stay of a lower court order for an immediate cessation of the bombing, Secretary of State William P. Rogers said that Cambodian forces would be redeployed after the deadline "from exposed positions to positions where they can defend themselves and be resupplied in the absence of US combat support." That was the most intriguing phrase of the week.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Alexander Dovzhenko The Poet as Filmmaker, Selected Writings

edited and translated by Marco Carynnyk

(MIT Press; $8.95)

Blood of the Condor

(Tricontinental)

Siddhartha

(Columbia)

Alexander Dovzhenko (1894-1956) was part of the Soviet film miracle. Right after the Soviet revolution, a handful of geniuses miraculously sprang up to celebrate that revolution on film. All of them—Eisenstein and Pudovkin and Vertov and Dovzhenko—lived to suffer under Stalin, but that juncture of birth and genius and fervor in the '20s is one of the highest peaks in the cinema's brief history.

Possibly excepting Vertov, whose work was not in fiction, Dovzhenko is the least known of the group in the US. I've never seen a book in English about him, and this new collection is the first volume of his own writings to be translated. This for a man whom Chaplin and Agee (among many others) extolled, whom Georges Sadoul called "the cinema's greatest epic poet."

Marco Carynnyk has translated well and supplied a fact-filled introduction, extensive notes and a full filmography. The body of the book is in two parts: an autobiographical article of 21 pages, and 245 pages of the notebooks that Dovzhenko kept from 1941 until his death, collated from the materials that the Soviets have permitted to be published.

The article tells us of his beginnings as the son of a Ukrainian farmer (both the farm and the Ukraine were dominant influences in his life); his studies in fine arts; his welcoming of the revolution; his embroilment in the civil war. At one point he was captured and sentenced to death, he says, and was saved only by a timely counterattack. From 1923 to 1926 he worked on a newspaper in the Ukraine, doing illustrations and studying painting. Then:

> In June 1926 I sat up all night in my studio, assessed my thirty-two unsuccessful years of life, and in the morning picked up cane and suitcase, leaving behind my canvasses and painting supplies, and departed from the house, never to return. I went to Odessa and got a job at the film studio as a director.

Only two years later he made *Zvenigora*, followed the next year by *Arsenal*, and the next year by *Earth*. The last is my own favorite, one of the film's masterworks. As for his own favorite among these and his subsequent five features, he contradicts himself: at one point he says, "*Zvenyhora* [the title in Ukrainian] has remained my most interesting picture for me," and a few pages later, he says, "*Shchors* was my best film."

The notebooks are important in two quite different ways. First is Dovzhenko's picture of the Ukraine, where he was a correspondent during the German invasion and occupation in the Second World War. We forget, even though we thought we never would, the "unforgettable" horrors. These pages made me think of a novel set in that place at that time, Piotr Rawicz's *Blood from the Skies*, one of the few fine novels of the Second War. Dovzhenko was there too. He saw; he wrote it down, simply.

Second, more central to our interest in him, is the record of his inner journey as film artist: his enthusiasms, his bouts of depression both because of political pressures and because of the innate nature of the film medium. He wrote in 1942:

> I often think about how my life has been wasted. What a great mistake I made when I went to work in films. Sixteen years of penal servitude . . . How much health and happiness have I lost because of people I can't stand! If I had applied all my strength and passion in these sixteen years to writing, I'd have at least a dozen volumes of real literature behind me.

On the evidence, that may perhaps be true; yet he couldn't stop thinking—*seeing*—as a director. Ten years later, in the course of a day, he encountered a piggish official and a girl who walked as if she were "taking pleasure in her body." He noted their images as "windfalls" for future films. And he died leaving unfinished screen projects that his wife completed.

There isn't much esthetic discussion or cinematic theorizing in these note-

(continued on page 35)

Films Worth Seeing

The Friends of Eddie Coyle. The looks of this crime film are syrupy and wrong, but Robert Mitchum's performance as a gangland Willy Loman and the gravelly dialogue make it good underworld sociology.

The Hireling. Sarah Miles and Robert Shaw as titled lady and chauffeur give beautiful performances *within* which this nicely modeled little tragedy exists.

Last Tango in Paris. Burdened with silly overpraise, adolescently profound, it nevertheless has the genuine musk of sex in the early Brando-Schneider scenes.

Memories of Underdevelopment. The first Castro-Cuba film in the US and a fine one: about a bourgeois intellectual hopelessly-hopefully watching the revolution happen.

State of Siege. The Tupamaro abduction and murder of a US official in Uruguay, 1970, re-created without the objectivity it claims but with excitement and point.

A Touch of Class. If you saw Glenda Jackson here for the first time, you'd think she was a fine comedienne, period. (She can do *anything.*) Mostly fast and frivolous old-style comedy-romance.

SK

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Doctors as Gods

Ward 402

by Ronald J. Glasser, M.D.

(George Braziller; $6.95)

This book is like an otter: as Falstaff said of Mistress Quickly, it is neither fish nor flesh, and a man knows not where to have it. The publisher calls it alternatively Dr. Glasser's "new volume" and a "dramatic narrative," which means he will not say whether it is fact or fiction. Glasser clearly intends to claim the license of both modes. "Everything actually happened," he writes, but "the events did not all occur in the same sequence, or in the same hospital, or to the same people; some I witnessed, others I heard of."

It is an extraordinary disclaimer. For fiction it is superfluous; we expect novelists to rearrange reality. For nonfiction it won't do; we expect the writer, even within the amorphous confines of the "nonfiction novel," to assume responsibility for the integrity of the events he reports—which is to say that he may select, condense and emphasize at will, but he may not redistribute, without regard to time and space, facts and rumors of which he is aware; he may not in short create collages.

Despite its sins, *Ward 402* is good red herring. It *is* a "dramatic narrative"—intern stories, of which we have recently had many, usually are. The narrator of this one (Dr. Glasser, I presume?) is serving time on a children's ward in a huge, distinguished, anonymous research hospital. The schedule is grueling and interns, dulled by fatigue, become sloppy, even callous. The children are terribly ill: some are wasted by diarrhea or diabetes, others lack kidneys or the clotting factor that stops bleeding. For sheer melodramatic effect nothing beats a medical emergency—knives and needles, pumps and fumbling fingers plunged into bodies turning black and purple, lungs filling with water—"This is what it's all about," the intern thinks. With children it is worse; we rarely imagine children in desperate pain. We know intellectually that a certain number of children must die—it is the only way to run a universe—but why not snuff them out at birth? Why wait for them to develop as individuals and then torture them? Glasser does not explore the question, that is not a doctor's business, but he exploits the poignancy of the situation.

To this age-old drama he adds a new one, the drama of technology. Listen to the sounds; you don't have to understand them: "And then, of course, there is multiple sclerosis, amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, metachromatic leucodystrophy; the agammaglobulemias, Aldrich Syndrome, the fatal granulomatosis diseases." A witch doctor mumbling in Zulu would sound less ominous. This appeal to incantation in books designed for popular audience is a phenomenon peculiar to our time: "the creatinine clearances, the BUNs, the alkaline phosphatases, phosphates, sodium, potassium, magnesium, specific gravities, sedimentation rates, complement levels, differentials, eosinophil counts, Comb's tests, hapteglobins, PHs, acid-base balances, blood gases." Well. Compare *that* to Glasser's more conventional formulations of human concern—"He shook his head as he looked compassionately at the stricken child" and "But every now and then there's one who gets to you right at the beginning, a child with a special magic"—and you will see where Glasser's skills fall.

Still this is a book specifically about human concern. It is a book with a thesis. Doctors, Glasser says, are so trained to believe in the miracle of medicine that they act as if they were gods interpreting disease to man; they no longer talk to patients and their relatives as if they were human beings with human anxieties and needs. To illustrate his point, Glasser presents to his intern an 11-year-old girl dying of leukemia. The girl's father claims some knowledge of hospital procedures and insists that his daughter only be made comfortable until she dies. The intern rebels, of course: the child must be put on a protocol of drugs designed to obtain a remission that may, just possibly, last long enough for a cure to develop. To keep the child alive becomes a grisly business. The angry father stirs up the other parents of patients on the ward, convincing them that the doctors are either monstrous or incompetent. It is all very exciting. The intern pulls the plug on the child's life-sustaining machine when he has learned his lesson in humanity.

Except—except that the issues are never joined. The angry father is not simply a man who needs to be understood; he needs to be arrested. Pulling the plug on a terminal patient may be commendable, but it prompts more complex ethical reactions than a simple awareness of maturity and competence. Nor does Glasser really explore the questions attending the use of a protocol of drugs designed to serve better the needs of leukemia researchers than the child whose life depends upon it.

Two years ago in a book called *365 Days*, Glasser gave us a sequence of stories about American soldiers in combat in Vietnam. It worked better than this one does. Glasser knew no more about combat in Vietnam then he could deduce from service in a hospital in Japan. Yet his stories, equally as invented, equally as true as this one, worked in part because so little that seemed authentic had been written about soldiers in that war, in part because Glasser refrained from moralizing, and in part because combat stories are as old as story-telling itself. Here we have one story, and it is certainly readable. But it fails as fiction because its author is unequal to the moral situations he creates and because his characters have been plucked from the common reservoir of stereotypes maintained by novelists of tertiary talent. It fails as nonfiction because the author refuses to vouch for the accuracy of its design, the relatedness of the events he puts before us.

Peter S. Prescott

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New York, New Haven & Hartford

When J. P. Morgan was a Hartford boy,
a railroad was built from Springfield,
where Miles Morgan lived, to New Haven,
where no Morgan lived, passing through Hartford,
where little J. P. lived, to connect with steamboats
between New Haven and New York, where of course everyone . . .
Mr. Morgan's father financed this venture, and ten years later,
The New York and New Haven Railroad Company was begun.
Five years earlier, a line from Worcester,
near where I live, to Norwich,
nearer where I live, was built.
In 1872, The New York and New Haven Railroad was combined
with
The New Haven, Hartford and Springfield Railroad Company.
But the new New York, New Haven, and Hartford and Springfield
Railroad Company
was compelled to enter the city of Boston,
where John Pierpont lived, or to receive passengers
at Springfield from Boston, through an agreement with
The Boston and Albany Railroad System.
When Mr. Morgan himself became director of
The New York, New Haven, and Hartford and Springfield Railroad
Company,
he wanted his own entrance into Boston.
But the Reading Railroad (who lives in Reading?)
also wanted its own entrance into that city.
Mr. Morgan's Railroad and the Reading Railroad
both wanted The Old Colony Railroad System
because it covered Massachusetts and ran to
New London, where some of my friends live.
Mr. Morgan notified the banks in Philadelphia,
where my cousins live, that they should not
expect to maintain his friendship if
they continued to finance the Reading Railroad
into New England, where of course we all . . .
The Reading Railroad suddenly ran out of money!
Mr. Morgan bought The Old Colony Railroad System.
He then bought every railway line in Connecticut
except The Central Vermont (what was it doing in Connecticut?).
He then bought every railway line in Rail Rhode Island.
He then bought every railway line in Massachusetts
south of Boston, and all the steamboat lines
connecting Boston with New York (toot!).
He then bought The Boston and Albany Railroad
and The Boston and Maine Railroad and . . .
But enough of this fooling around.
It is clear we have Mr. Morgan to thank for
The New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad System.

CHARLES BOER

Page From A Diary

Today is my birthday: I am fifteen.
I've just seen my first corpse.

He had been in the sea some three
weeks.
When they lifted that tarp on the
beach—

It wasn't so bad after all but I didn't
Eat lunch.

That happen this morning. Last
night
I lost my virginity for the first time.

As somebody said, You can't write
With an empty head.

Mine hurts where the sun burned my
skull.
I must be more careful tomorrow.

ELISAVIETTA RITCHIE

Three Monkeys at the Gate

1

Tell me if you want to know
how not to know it
You are and I am
and they are not
If we are and they are not
what we know is what counts
and what they know
by definition doesn't
It just doesn't exist
because they don't
If you exist and they don't
what you know
and don't want to know
is what counts
You know you don't know it
You know if they say
it's there it isn't
because they aren't
Therefore what you know
you don't know
Therefore it doesn't exist
does it

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2

Tell me what did you hear
You did not hear
you heard it
Don't tell me if you heard it
Don't say you heard I heard it
I don't say I heard you heard it
I didn't hear it and if not
no one heard it
Whatever it is
it isn't
it wasn't
it couldn't be
Tell yourself you never heard it
or just don't listen to yourself
It doesn't exist
it isn't
You are
but it isn't
If it is
you aren't
See

3

If they're there
we weren't there
we're here
If they say it's there
and keeps growing
we can't hear or see it
we just aren't there
we're here
They're there
and what they say
is just nowhere
growing or not growing
it's just not
If it's not there
they can't see it
we can't see it
it just isn't
is it

Edwin Honig

Note on "Three Monkeys at the Gate": Edwin Honig has been experimenting, with James Schevill and others in Providence, RI, with something they have called The Wastepaper Theater—"quick semi-monthly skits on what's happening . . . acting them out in each other's houses"; the above poem was part of a skit about the White House "Plumbers."

The Knute Rockne Story

Shouldn't the K be pronounced?
If not his parents could have called him
Pnute, Gnute, Fnute or Babbaganute.
His mother was toying with Rock Knutne.
But they decided on Knute Rockne
with a silent K.
If the Gipper's parents had done this
they could have named him the Kipper,
the Zipper, the Ripper or the Dipper.
None of this happened
according to the movie.
I can never remember who the Gipper
was. Ronald Reagan? Iron horseman?
I can barely remember Rock Knutne.
I loved football & this is what it has done for me.
Thousands of letters lost in the mail.
Our country's history an incomplete forward pass.

Ed Ochester

All Over Town

All over town they are shouting next door,
Pushing buttons, letting the noise out,
Letting it float over grass to neighbors.

It takes two kinds,
Shouters and neighbors.

And it takes days with the windows open,
Heat, and a sham of calm,
So that the sound will carry and the ear be the more struck.

And it takes unquantified energy out of deep holes
That is spent and lost and so comes to belong to no one
But to neighbors,

Who must listen and hear its loss and themselves feel the loss,
And carry on with their goldfish.

Nobody cares of course. It is only that
Everyone cares terribly. It is only that
Those must shout and these must listen,

And the grass in between, and the emptiness.

Reed Whittemore

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The Teller and the Tale

Frieda Lawrence. The Story of Frieda von Richthofen and D. H. Lawrence

by Robert Lucas
translated from the German by Geoffrey Skelton
(Viking; $10)

D. H. Lawrence: The Man and His Work The Formative Years, 1885-1919

by Emile Delavenay
translated from the French by
Katharine M. Delavenay
(Southern Illinois University Press: $25)

D. H. Lawrence

by Frank Kermode
(Viking; $6.95 cloth, $2.95 paper)

Exegeses of the novels and stories and poems have never been crucial to the D. H. Lawrence industry, for it is the man who spellbinds critics. Lawrence, the thwarted genius; Lawrence, the giant cut off in his prime; Lawrence, the friend of countless memoirists; Lawrence, the political dreamer; Lawrence, the evangelist of liberated sexuality; Lawrence, the prophet of pentecostal metaphysics; Lawrence, the celebrator of the unconscious; Lawrence, the Jeremiah of postindustrial society—the list is restricted only by the scholarly imagination. As new biographical materials turn up, they must be fitted into the enormous and still-enlarging jigsaw puzzle, and D. H. Lawrence was amazingly productive for a writer dying by inches and finally succumbing at 44.

D.H.L. the husband is one of the newer book-length approaches to the author and his work, a reasonable perspective toward a writer who once declared (to Bertrand Russell) that "the greatest living experience for every man is his adventure into the woman." Not only is there now a Frieda Lawrence biography by Robert Lucas but yet another to come on the von Richthofen sisters, as sister Else was also involved with famous men, notably Max Weber, for whom she left her professor husband Otto Gross, just as Frieda had earlier jettisoned her professor spouse Ernest Weekley. Lucas offers just 31 pages on Frieda's pre-Lawrence life, although she was nearly 33 before she met her husband's frail former student, six years younger and many pounds slenderer than she was. No matter: Frieda told the story herself in her own fragmentary memoirs. What little new data Lucas has added to the published sources he has gleaned is lost in a ponderous and cliché-ridden translation (". . . he found himself at death's door") that keeps the reader awake only by causing him to wince at least once per page.

Lucas' thesis is that "never before has one single woman, as interpreted by a poet, so radically changed the moral climate of her time." Whether or not the statement is defensible—Lawrence would have written fiction in any case—he wrote much of what he did because he was married to a formidable and unusual woman who fed his creative tensions. "She was not his literary adviser," Lucas rightly notes, "but rather the catalyst that set free his latent energies." D.H.L. once wrote to John Middleton Murry, "Frieda and I have finished the long and bloody fight at last, and are at one. It is a fight one has to fight—the old Adam to be killed in me, the old Eve in her—then a new Adam and a new Eve. . . ." But Lawrence was wrong. Frieda, like a true catalyst, never became "a new Eve." She was always the aristocratic German—D.H.L. often did the cooking and cleaning—and never altered the promiscuous ways initiated during her marriage to Weekley.

Even as Lawrence, writing *Lady Chatterley's Lover* late in their marriage, was censuring sterile and selfish industrial England in Connie Chatterley's symbolically impotent and crippled husband, his own vigorous wife was stealthily prowling in search of sexual partners. His tuberculosis then far advanced, D.H.L. had himself become impotent in 1926. While he was lyrical in the novel about the mystical rapport of sexual conjugation, he was experiencing its raptures only in the heightened fantasy of memory. The book could hardly have been anything but an artistic failure, yet with a tenacity that seems pathological he rewrote it three times, putting himself in the role of the virile animal of a hero, the earthy yet (in successive versions) increasingly sophisticated gamekeeper—whose name and description change from text to text but not his ultimate identity as wish-projection of the ailing author.

Frieda's post-Lawrence life lasted 26 years, all of them accompanied by the young and "uncomplicated" (in Lucas' term) Italian army captain she hired away from his wife and family as handyman around the house and between the sheets in Taos and elsewhere. To prevent passport and property problems they finally married—20 years after Lawrence's death in 1930. Frieda was past 70. Following her death in 1956 Antonio Ravagli returned to his wife in Italy, where his divorce had never been legal anyway.

In the early 1930s, partly stimulated by acquaintance with Jessie Chambers, the "Miriam" of *Sons and Lovers*, Emile Delavenay began writing in France what could have been one of the earliest posthumous D.H.L. books. However the book, put aside during the war, was not published until 1970. The nearly 600 pages of the English translation are a shortened version of the 854-page French original; and Professor Delavenay is currently completing a sequel to cover the remainder of Lawrence's intellectual and emotional life. As early as January 14, 1935, Jessie Chambers had cautioned him about D.H.L., "Don't

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lose him among his sources; let him stand out as a living figure." But as useful as are Delavenay's labyrinthine examinations and conjectures, *D. H. Lawrence: The Man and His Work* is less a study of the man and the work than a search for the man in the work, for Delavenay approaches the fiction, poetry and plays largely as autobiography which ultimately fails as literature because the author could not achieve the essential artistic detachment.

While Delavenay sees myriad influences and personalities reflected in Lawrence's writing, it is clear that to him Frieda's impact is the most pernicious as well as the most pervasive. Perhaps one reason D.H.L. could write so quickly is that authorial recollection in tranquility of life with Frieda was impossible. There was never any tranquility—although Delavenay finds "essential compatibility." Richard Aldington had observed from life that anyone who thought that Frieda and Lawrence were not in love "is crazy. How else could they have endured one another?" Their quarrels were incessant, and their reconciliations passionate. "Lawrence's perpetual dualism," Delavenay feels, "found expression in this union, as it did in his creative work." Thus Lawrence appealed to his friend S. S. Koteliansky not to judge Frieda "lightly": "There is another quality in woman that you do not know, so you can't estimate it. You don't know that a woman is not a man with different sex. She is a different world. You do not understand that enough."

Of the earlier novels *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* are the major legacy of the creative tension in the Frieda-D.H.L. marriage, and the novels refer "to their most intimate relations," sometimes, as Delavenay describes, with symbolic naiveté. Lawrence's dualism, he suggests with an assist from Jessie Chambers, extended to sex, for where his inhibitions—and later his disabilities—precluded his living out his own urges, his fiction could dramatize his private dilemmas and then work them out in wish-fulfillment. So Miriam's frigidity in *Sons and Lovers* is Lawrence's own, Cipriano's need in *The Plumed Serpent* to force Kate to remain passive in the grip of his own sexual ecstasy is Lawrence's revenge upon Frieda's lust, and the wrestling of Gerald and Birkin in *Women in Love*—and presumably the caressing of Aaron and Lilly in the later *Aaron's Rod*—work out Lawrence's homosexual (and *Blütbrudershaft)* inclinations. That the novels and stories express the fundamental needs and ambiguities of Lawrence's own nature is unquestionable, but Delavenay's exhaustive examination leaves little room for literature. The works become background for the enigma of the man.

In Frank Kermode's short "Modern Masters" study, the man as writer is almost outweighed by the man as ideologist with Kermode, who focuses on a few major fictional and polemical works, constantly—but always arrestingly—straining to restore the balance. That Lawrence became a political mystic may be due to the heady philosophical draughts of Frieda's Germany or to the disillusionments of war. How humanity was depraved by war stunned him. Authentic human vitality had all but disappeared, as far as Lawrence was concerned, and men had to be led back to spiritual rebirth.

The bitter experience of censorship, persecution and poverty during the 1914-18 war only reinforced his search for extreme social and political solutions. To "Kot" he wrote late in 1916 from self-exile with Frieda—an enemy alien—in Cornwall, "If only you would accept what your eye tells you; that people and the world *are* foul and obscene, that their life is a complication of ghastly trickery, then you would be free: because that is the *truth*. The world is quite as bad as you have ever seen it in your worst and most lucid moments; and *even worse*. Accept the fact baldly and callously, and you are a free man. Say 'No-no, men are good creatures, 'tis I who am bad,'—and you are the slave to a coward's self-delusion. The world *is* bad, bad beyond bearing. So reject it, spit it out, trample on it, and have done with your soul. Then you will be strong and free."

Lawrence sought that elusive freedom in postwar flight to foreign lands; in unfulfilled dreams of utopian community; in political, sexual and philosophical treatises and tracts; in much of his later fiction. Delavenay suggests that D.H.L. picked up much of his doctrine of blood- and race-consciousness from Wagner's crackpot Nietzschean son-in-law, the pre-Nazi Houston Stewart Chamberlain, and most of his ideas about "blood-knowledge" from the Yorkshire socialist mystic and homosexual theorist Edward Carpenter. Although Kermode is guarded about the obnoxious Chamberlain, he is less so about Carpenter, hedging only that "a blend of theosophy, socialism, sexual reform, evolutionism, religious primi-

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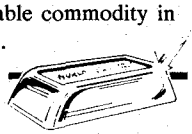

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tivism, was common enough in the avant garde thinking of the time." Acknowledging Lawrence's holding "some detestable beliefs," such as "male supremacy and the leader-principle, . . . the necessary subordination of the black and Jewish races, and hatred for the underdog," Kermode curiously explains them away as "not, except in the peculiar form of their systematic expression, unusual views for the time." Besides to Kermode these concepts were creative in their effect, for "beneath them all is the strong period sense of historical dissolution, the need for renovation," and "for all the excesses into which he was swept, Lawrence remained an artist."

That D.H.L. did remain an artist is Kermode's ultimate theme. It is a vital one, for Lawrence as a thinker is a bore, however necessary the ideas were to trigger his creativity in fiction. Kermode explains, "I do not mean that Lawrence never talked nonsense, and that the metaphysic did not many times prevail over the invention, the teller over the tale. But we shall never get him right if we simply treat these speculations as irresponsible loose-mouthed foolery." In trying to get him right, Kermode is particularly sensitive to the relationships between art and metaphysics in the three great early novels, *Sons and Lovers, The Rainbow* and *Women in Love;* however the metaphysics overwhelm both Lawrence and Kermode in the far less successful later fiction, the critic even explaining about one work *(The Captain's Doll)* "justly given extended treatment by Dr. Leavis" that "it is one of the strangest and most ambiguous of the stories, but as a tale it is too much for its author."

"Life is so made," Kermode quotes Lawrence as saying, "that opposites sway about a trembling centre of balance . . . And of all the art forms, the novel most of all demands the trembling and oscillating of the balance." D.H.L. wrote elsewhere that the greatest novelists may possess philosophies "directly opposite to their passional inspiration," which is why we listen to the novel rather than to the novelist, who may be a "dribbling liar." But it is difficult not to listen to the novelist when he so nakedly pervades his pages. Thus more biographical studies are to come. Harry T. Moore's already updated *The Intelligent Heart* is to be followed soon by his *The Priest of Love,* and Mark Schorer's authorized life is still in progress. Stephen Spender is editing an illustrated collection of pieces on D.H.L. by a number of "today's most distinguished literary men and women," and Cambridge University Press has announced a new multivolume collection of D.H.L. letters to be jointly edited by professors at Nottingham and Texas. Somewhere under all of this—and the critical studies yet unthought and unwritten—will remain, readable and provocative, however flawed as art, D. H. Lawrence's fiction, poetry and plays.

Stanley Weintraub

Couldn't Be Expensive

The Dance of Legislation

by Eric Redman

(Simon & Schuster; $7.95)

For the most part Eric Redman's revealing, first-hand account of legislative maneuverings on Capitol Hill is the story of a bill—a health bill creating a "National Health Service Corps" of federally paid doctors and health workers to serve in medically depressed areas. A minor bill in comparison with many matters occupying the 91st Congress in 1970, the NHSC bill nevertheless involved a substantial and intricate legislative effort. Redman was serving a year as a young staff man for Senator Warren Magnuson, and describes with considerable suspense from that vantage point the progress of the "nice anti-poverty idea" through the various stages of legislative action (and inac-

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tion). At the outset, to avoid a futile battle with the Pentagon over changing the draft law, Magnuson's staff decided to capitalize on the existing draft exemptions for Public Health Service doctors by placing the NHSC doctors under the jurisdiction of PHS. (The intention was to attract young doctors into the NHSC in lieu of the inevitable doctor draft.) The strategy unfortunately required legislation authorizing new responsibilities for PHS at a time when the Nixon administration, busily pronouncing the verdict of "uneconomical" upon many PHS hospitals and clinics across the country, wanted to abolish the Public Health Service altogether. "On the one hand," Redman reasons, "we didn't really care what happened to PHS; we were concerned with creating a National Health Service Corps. On the other hand, the draft law and legislative reality meant the NHSC would have to be part of the PHS, so if we wanted the NHSC, we would have to help resuscitate the Public Health Service: a classic case of the tail wagging the dog."

This insecure alliance, while producing anticipated animosity at the White House and some not-so-anticipated doublecrossing at HEW, brought powerful backing on its own. One such supporter was Senator Ralph Yarborough of Texas, chairman of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee which would be the NHSC's first stop en route to the Senate floor. Determined to champion meaningful health causes in his last days as a senator (he'd lost a primary contest earlier that year), Yarborough was moved by the predicament of PHS: "Morale in the PHS is going down because the Administration is closing Public Health Service hospitals and trying to destroy the Service . . . I intend to push this bill with every possible resource I have." With Yarborough's war cry the NHSC started to become an issue.

Along with the major strategic decisions came such improvised tactics as Redman persuading a committee aide to schedule hearings on three days' notice. Over lunch the aide confided that he would soon be leaving the Hill to lobby for the Association of American Medical Colleges. Redman immediately recalled that Magnuson controlled money for medical education through the HEW appropriations subcommittee: " 'Well,' I said casually, 'if you're going to lobby for the AAMC, I guess you'll be seeing a lot of Sen. Magnuson next year.' " Within 20 minutes mountains moved at the committee and hearings had been arranged for the NHSC bill.

The frequent use of such vignettes and personal anecdotes ably reinforces Redman's view that staff interactions are a critical part of the legislative process. One of the most gripping staff performances he describes was the selection of a floor manager for the bill: the NHSC unexpectedly reached the floor of the Senate when both Magnuson and Yarborough were out of town. Redman feared that his only alternative was to ask another Democrat from the Labor and Public Welfare Committee, all of whom "were the type Spiro Agnew called 'radic-libs.' " Because the bill (still in low profile) had to retain its "safe" image to survive the House, Redman couldn't afford to alienate potential conservative support. A staff man to Senator Javits, spotting Redman's panic, suggested they approach Senator Dominick, the top Republican on Yarborough's committee and a cosponsor of the bill. "Dominick! . . . I stared incredulously; conservatives didn't just trust Dominick—they lionized him." When Dominick with a good-natured shrug agreed to be floor manager, Redman knew his crisis had passed. He amusedly recounts the behavior of Senator Williams of Delaware, a leading fiscal conservative. "He voted against new programs on principle, to save money—the government had too many programs already . . . But this time Williams looked squarely at Dominick, who nodded and smiled ingratiatingly, and he apparently decided that any bill Dominick agreed to manage couldn't be very expensive."

By moving his story beyond its vehicle, the NHSC bill, Redman offers more than a useful and entertaining political exercise. Inevitably *The Dance of Legislation* is autobiographical and historical as well, and should be of special interest to the generations which reached political consciousness during the years of the Vietnam war. For all his accomplishments (after all, he was the youngest legislative assistant in the entire Senate) Redman does not come across as a "superkid." Instead, like many others his age, he sought meaningful political involvement, and as he relates his experiences on Capitol Hill he pays scrupulous attention to the larger context of the political climate in 1970. The NHSC bill itself becomes entangled in other battles such as the uproar over the Cambodia invasion, anti-spending campaigns in the House and the lengthy

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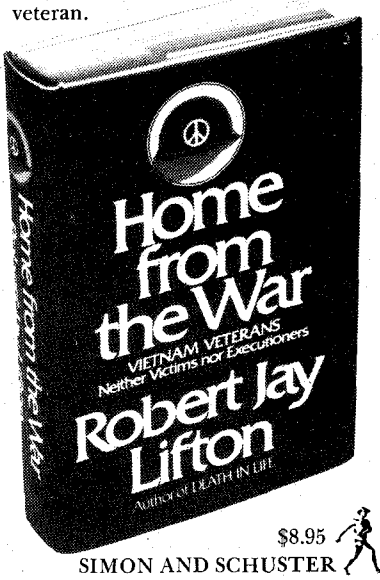

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Senate filibister on the SST. Throughout, casting a pall over social legislation initiatives, were the priorities of the Nixon administration. "The Nixon era has taught us how little a law can mean," observes Redman, and he demonstrates in a thought-provoking epilogue that the NHSC was no exception.

Mary Eisner

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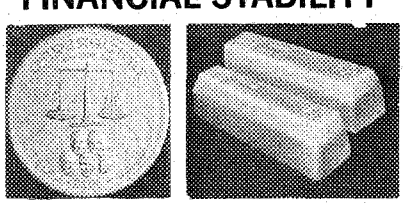

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Too Near the Bananas

The Pleasure Areas

by H. J. Campbell

(Delacorte; $7.95)

This is not a sex manual. On the contrary, the pleasure areas that interest Professor Campbell are inside the brain. Campbell is a senior lecturer in physiology at the Institute of Psychiatry, University of London, and his book is a popularized version of what he calls "a new theory of behavior," a theory designed to devour all others in its path and, in passing, give us the truth about philosophy and art. It is a very ambitious book, worth reading because behaviorist theories are growing more influential and this seems to be above average in comprehensibility and wit. Despite his self-importance, Campbell writes entertainingly and gives only sporadic signs of being a crank. He describes some recent discoveries made by brain researchers, their scientific value and the meaning he draws from them to interpret human behavior. Dozens of neurological theories and lab tests are cited to support his basic theme—that the true distinction between men and animals lies in the way they seek pleasure. According to Campbell, the difference is that the human brain finds pleasure in self-contained "intracranial" activity, while the animal brain enjoys only "peripheral sensory" activity. To put it simply, men are content when writing, reading, reminiscing, doing math, but animals—though capable of thinking—aren't turned on that way. They seek stimulation from outside. Campbell believes his theory will be borne out when more work is done on the electric circuitry of the brain.

Experiments in rat pleasure, Campbell says, first got him interested in the subject. Some psychology students discovered that when electrodes were put in the pleasure areas of rats' brains and the rats were allowed to give themselves slight pleasure shocks, they lost interest in everything else. (The rats, not the students.) Once they learned to operate the pleasure pedal, the rats preferred electric shocks to food, water and sex, even when deprived of these for a long time. Believing this was an "unnatural" sort of experiment because no animal normally experiences direct stimulation of the pleasure areas, Campbell devised a system of his own which he thought would parallel the rat-pleasure phenomenon in a normal environment. He guessed that ordinarily the pleasure areas are tickled by slight electric charges in the brain associated with vision, hearing, touch, smell and other sensations. To test his idea he put a goalpost in his aquarium that charged the water with a mild, tingling current whenever a fish swam through. This was an indirect route to the pleasure areas. His fish loved it. At first only a few were interested, but soon they all crowded around for a chance to swim through the tickling gap. Campbell believes that it's significant that his fish didn't prefer this kind of pleasure to food, but treated it as a diversion. He performed similar experiments with crocodiles, rabbits and monkeys and found that they responded just as avidly, but in no case became obsessed with his pleasure devices. Combining his empirical discoveries with what he had read, Campbell decided that "Pleasure is the end point of all animal behavior, and pleasure is not merely a feeling but is a fact of neurology. . . ." He also concluded that under normal circumstances animals don't become obsessed with any particular way of obtaining pleasure because the brain is constructed in such a way that nothing short of pure pleasure (as in the rat experiment) satisfies for long. Further he theorized that the more general and unfocused the activity, the more likely it is to give pleasure. Thus while both of his monkeys enjoyed turning on bright lamps and producing a pure tone on a loudspeaker, only one enjoyed playing a tape of Beethoven.

When he theorizes about people, however, Campbell betrays a touch of obsessionism himself. As mentioned he believes that the human brain is distinguished from others by its ability to delight in pure thought. Therefore, nonthought is nonhuman. Three samples of "pleasure-seeking" that Campbell denounces as beneath human dignity are religion ("man began to

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derive pleasure from thinking about gods very soon after he stopped thinking so much about bananas"), rock' n' roll ("from time to time in jungle clearings groups of chimpanzees come together and spend an hour or two jumping up and down rather listlessly while waving their arms about at random, as one of them stands by a selected tree and beats out a monotonous rhythm on a smooth root protruding above the ground") and sports ("one might wonder whether the assessment of human value has become distorted when there is so much fervor and acclamation involved in the award of a medal to someone who cannot swim as well as a penguin, run as fast as a cheetah or jump as well as a kangaroo"). Physical pursuits, Campbell tells us, are "subhuman," and religion is self-indulgent. By this theory the only forms of pleasure-seeking that deserve attention are rational thinking-pleasures; the rest are wasted energy.

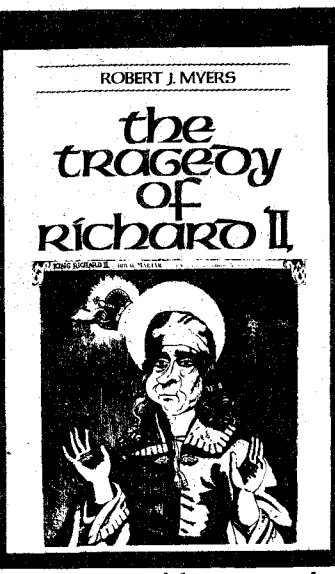
Campbell's willingness to judge what is good and bad for men is not so disturbing as his zest for quantification. He informs us that "pleasure, and therefore all behavior, has been brought within the precise, quantitative domain of scientific instrumentation, in just the way that blood pressure has or the constituents of blood, or the constituents of urine. . . ." And he ridicules the doubters: "Some people rebel against the idea that an instrumental yardstick can be applied to their 'feelings,' although they do not object to a sphygmomanometer or to a cardiograph." He finds it curious that "they seem to regard their feelings as particularly private and personal, not to be meddled with by the impersonal methods of science . . . They consider it some kind of attack upon their identity as an individual." It's strange, isn't it, that people still cling to such notions. But it would be naive of Campbell to think that what really frightens people is the possibility that he can build pleasure meters. What upsets them, if such theories trouble them at all, is the use they'll be put to.

These are well founded worries, for if the century has taught us anything, it is that science adapts just as quickly to bad uses as to good, usually quicker. Campbell says nothing to reassure us that pleasure meters won't become just another nagging gimmick of the system, like IQ tests, tax returns, press conferences, college interviewers—reminding us how little we matter. Quite the opposite, he goes out of his way to scare us. Consider Campbell's semi-facetious remark about Hitler, who apparently does not fall into the category of the subhuman, even though his theories on race were a little strange. Campbell says that, "If we are to have segregation, this can be achieved most profitably by treating race as irrelevant and concentrating attention upon what people do. The yardstick for human value is human behavior. Should extermination of one kind or another be invoked, it is the subhuman sensation-seekers who should go, whatever color they are, for it is they who retard the proper development of humankind." This is the kind of remark that causes people to shy away from brain-wave meters and think twice before asking a behaviorist to dinner. Campbell's unrestrained scorn for the mob suggests that he has subhuman moments too, even as he rides the crest of the evolutionary wave. He really would like to eliminate "gluttons, sportsmen, mountain climbers, pot-holers [?], dancers, pop disciples, satyrs, nymphomaniacs." But why? And why does he put on his list of the elect, "lawyers . . . sociologists . . . politicians?" No doubt Campbell will be measuring pleasures in a short time, but perhaps it's not too late for the subhumans to send out a delegation to reason with him and talk over the virtues of subhuman life. After all, if the species planners want to keep the buffalo and whooping crane, can the rest of us be far behind?

Eliot Marshall

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

The latest work of STANLEY WEINTRAUB, *of Pennsylvania State University, is a biography of Whistler, soon to be published.* PETER S. PRESCOTT, *an associate editor of* Newsweek, *will have a new book out this fall,* A Darkening Green: Notes from the Silent Generation *(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan).* CHARLES BOER's *most recent book is a long narrative poem,* Varmint *(Swallow Press); he teaches at the University of Connecticut.* ED OCHESTER, *who teaches at the University of Pittsburgh, will have his first book of poems,* Dancing on the Edges of Knives, *published in December (University of Missouri Press).* ELISAVIETTA RITCHIE *of Washington, DC won the 1973 Reedy Prize of the Poetry Society of America; she is the author of* Timbot, *a novella in verse.* EDWIN HONIG's *most recent book is* Dark Conceit: The Making of Allegory *(Brown University Press)*



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In Brief

Poems in Persons
by Norman N. Holland

(Norton, $6.95)

H. D. (Hilda Doolittle) distinguished herself not only as a poet but also as a poet psychoanalyzed by the great Freud. She therefore figures largely in Freudian Norman Holland's new volume, which he describes as an introduction to the psychoanalysis of literature. H. D. is the one poet, Holland believes, who has provided us with solid evidence, beyond the poems, of the workings of the poetic mind. She has done so in the published memoirs of her analysis, called *Tribute to Freud.* (A new and reportedly more complete version of this work is being issued in October. David R. Godine, publisher.)

Holland has already psychoanalyzed Shakespeare and others at great length in other volumes, but he hasn't before had Freud working, as it were, with him. Here, with unaccustomed brevity, he shepherds us through a couple of H. D.'s poems in an attempt to pin down her primal poetic mode or identity, then turns to her life and analysis for confirmation. After 60 pages with H. D. he switches to two readers of an H. D. poem, searching out *their* identities. These ingredients—to which is added an analysis of a poem by Frank O'Hara and Professor Holland's own response to it—make *Poems in Persons* an interesting volume even for those who find it out in left field.

The chief danger in such an approach to poems is that the poems will be neglected for the persons; but Holland here does not so much neglect the poems as *use* them, which is after all a common-enough abuse even among nonpsychologically oriented critics. One could add in his defense that he uses them in a manner that does have literary rewards. He protests, for example, against H. D. being put in a corner with the label "imagist," and having protested makes a good stab at telling us what being an imagist, in her case, means. The explanation takes a while and is of course all very phallic —but persuasive too.

The difficulties for the nonsympathizer lie not so much with Holland's literary analyses as with his descriptions, presumably taken in large part from H. D. herself, of H. D.'s relations with master Freud. The Freud connec-

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tion gets a real workout; he comes to "stand for the whole ambiguous network of wishes and relationships associated with the oedipal wishes of a little girl: that she could become a mother with her brother as father; that she could, by marrying her father, become her mother's brother; that she could, by marrying her brother, become her father's mother," etc. It's a sort of cross between textbook and parody at such points, with Holland laying it on so thick as to at least *invite* parody. Yet if anyone were to accept the invitation and undertake to parody Holland, he would be wise to proceed with caution. Holland's defenses are always up and they are furthest up in a polemical epilogue in which he asserts his faith that unlike the old days we *do* now have a psychology adequate to bring us understanding of the human mind. He then displays a readiness to take on any critic who questions that adequacy. A pretentious but sometimes instructive book.

No Island Is An Island
by Anne W. Simon

(Doubleday; $8.95)

The last heath hen died on Martha's Vineyard in the '30s. Now the question is can people hang on there? A wild assortment of contrarious human forces make the saving of the island a desperate political, legal and economic exercise – and it is to this exercise that Anne Simon devotes her excellently detailed study.

Behind the detail she plants one constantly reiterated theme: "listen to the land." The land says it is being bulldozed, polluted and populated to death, but it has not been listened to until recently. Even the planners have been resigned to acceptance of the population trend, and when a dutiful planning firm from Boston made the outrageous suggestion in 1971 that the trend itself was what could not be accepted without fatal results, the planning commission that hired its services not only rejected its report but tried to keep it secret.

Simon also describes those who *have* listened to the land and their struggles. Her book was completed last year when Senator Edward Kennedy's bill (S3485) to establish a Nantucket Sound Islands Trust had survived the preliminary cries of outraged islanders, and seemed to be getting solid backing. At that time she believed that the bill was "by its very existence the single most important event of Martha's Vineyard since Gosnold set foot on the island 370 years before." Why? Because the bill put down on paper a land ethic to which all the diverse island interests would hopefully at long last pay heed. The bill, which has since been changed to S1929, is now stalled in the Senate Interior Committee.

West Point: America's Power Fraternity
by K. Bruce Galloway and Robert Bowie Johnson, Jr.

(Simon and Schuster; $10)

" 'There is not on the whole globe an establishment more monarchial, corrupt, and corrupting than this, the very organization of which is a palpable violation of the constitution and laws of the country, and its direct tendency to introduce and build up a privileged order of the very worst class – a military aristocracy – in the United States.' " With those words, spoken by the third superintendent of the Military Academy, in 1830, the authors begin their critical examination of that "establishment."

West Point was founded in 1802 and an early graduate, Major Sylvanus Thayer (West Point 1808), was sent abroad in 1815 to study military institutions and practices on the Continent. Returning two years later, he instituted an "inflexible, Spartan rule" with a 15-hour regimen designed to fill completely the cadet's day. Intellectual curiosity was not a part of that regimen because, in Thayer's words, " 'Gentlemen must learn it is only their province to listen and obey.' " When West Point graduates gather each year to honor Thayer on Founder's Day, they pay tribute to the military virtues of discipline and valor. Yet Thayer, however Spartan his system, was hardly the model warrior. Citing other sources the authors point out: "Although many of his admirers have attributed to Thayer 'meritorious and valorous' service during the War of 1812, he actually 'performed Quartermaster [supply] duties well removed from the sound of cannon.' His initial success can probably be attributed to his apple polishing."

That is a characteristic statement by the two authors of this book – both former officers and one a graduate of the Academy. They bring forth all sorts of evidence to demonstrate that although West Point has graduated its share of authentic military heroes, the institution is geared more toward producing organizational yes-men than brilliant strategists and audacious tacticians. But in debunking the myth

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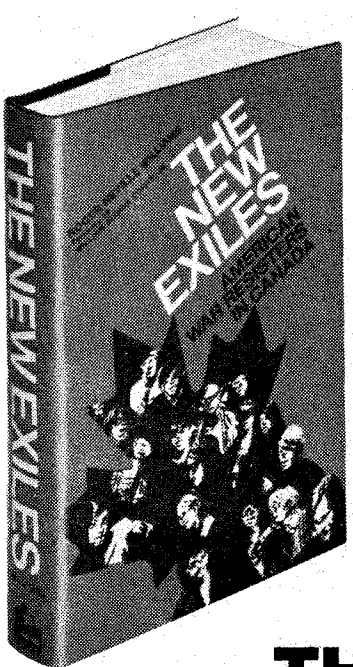

The amnesty debate is burgeoning; undoubtedly it will be an election issue in '72. But before TV journalists and the candidates define the terms and set the limits of the debate, Americans should find out what kind of people went into exile and what those 100,000 young men think about the issue and about the United States. Why do they use the term "repatriation" for their return? *Will* they come back? What would they leave behind?

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of military expertise the authors fail to provide balance. The insubordination of General Douglas MacArthur (West Point 1903) in Korea is given extensive treatment, for example, but his militarily successful Inchon landing is not. And the many horrors perpetrated by the army in Vietnam are detailed but no mention is made of the 1954 Indochina study conducted for President Eisenhower (West Point 1915) by Lieutenant General Matthew Ridgway (West Point 1917) that kept the United States out of Vietnam when the French were being sucked into the quagmire.

In fairness to the volume it should be said that a balanced analysis of West Point does not exist, may not be possible. Those who are already convinced that West Point is producing an American *Junkers* elite will find here ample material to reinforce their bias.

Seminary Sketches
by N. G. Pomyalovsky
Alfred R. Kuhn, translator and editor

(Cornell; $8.75)

As any reader of Dickens knows, the 19th-century English school was a miniature hell of mindless authority, rote learning, rigid discipline and physical torment, in which brutal schoolmasters tyrannized over their schoolboy victims. But the truth was more complex, thanks especially to Rugby's Dr. Thomas Arnold. As Lytton Strachey put it, Arnold decided that he "would treat the boys at Rugby as Jehovah had treated the Chosen People: he would found a theocracy; and there should be Judges in Israel."

What this meant at Rugby—and at all similar schools, including the church-run schools of Russia—is put less nobly by N. G. Pomyalovsky: "Knowing that a kingdom divided against itself will not stand, the administration gave certain students power over others with the aim of fomenting discord among them." In Russia and England alike, the result was a horrible chain of bullying that reached from the school's Jehovah down to the lowest and youngest fags. In boarding schools this meant for most children a decade or more of daily brutality, both suffered and inflicted, in an atmosphere that made a mockery of the culture ostensibly being taught and that

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made neurotics or psychotics out of most of its graduates. The seminary experience led Pomyalovsky to realize not only the symbiotic relationship between torturer and victim, but the existence of this symbiosis within a single individual, within each tormented child who grew up to be a bully. Such a psychological duality was a common result of seminary training, so common that Pomyalovsky is curiously amoral about it; he blames the system but is almost indifferent to the bullies who created it and were created by it.

Pomyalovsky (1835-1863) was a proletarian novelist who had endured an education as a "seminarian" in one of the ecclesiastical boarding schools in question, where students ranged from seven years old into their 20s and where educational and living conditions were at once dreadful and typical. Toward the end of his short life he began a series of exposés of this school system for Dostoyevsky's journal *Time*, a series here well translated and annotated and with an excellent introduction by A. R. Kuhn. The sketches are rather awkwardly fictionalized but they're enriched by many autobiographical anecdotes, heaps of detail and some well handled crowd scenes. They make a fine antidote to *Tom Brown's School Days*.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

books, but there's a great deal about what it was like to be a film director during his lifetime, all of it enclosed in the great sad decline of those Soviet artists from holy devotion to rationalized totalitarian slavery. The book is very welcome. But it ought to have been illustrated.

A revolutionary film from Latin America. Jorge Sanjines, who was born in 1936, made the first Bolivian feature film in 1966. The second, and the first shown publicly here, is the *Blood of the Condor*, made in 1969. It's in neo-realist style—that is, a fiction film close to fact, made with nonactors, shot in actual locations. Sanjines wrote the script with Oscar Soria, and the anti-US heat of the result makes Costa-Gavras' *Z* and *State of Siege* look comparatively temperate.

The picture contends that the Peace Corps is being used as an arm of Yankee imperialism. A maternity clinic up in the mountains outside La Paz helps Indian women give birth and also, without their knowledge, sterilizes them. (Recent doings in Alabama provide an unanticipated echo.) The charge is that, even though Bolivia is not overpopulated, the US is cooperating with the government there to keep down elements of the population that may eventually prove dissident and troublesome.

The script is built fairly neatly, and the gravamen is worked in obliquely. An Indian couple are worried about their continuing childlessness although they have had children, who died. The police arrest the husband along with two other men, then while traveling, urge them to run. All are shot in this attempt to "escape"; two are killed, the husband is wounded. He is taken to La Paz but dies in the hospital because neither his wife nor his brother can raise the money to buy blood for a transfusion. The events leading up to his arrest are worked in, from time to time, through flashback.

Technically the film is mediocre. The photography is only passable—all skies are gray even on sunny days. The dubbing is not good (although I have heard worse sync-ing and matching of levels in much more lush productions). But besides his passion, Sanjines evidently has an eye and a feel for tart, incisive editing. One proof of his quality is our conviction that some of the rough texture, as in the joining of flashbacks, would be there if he had had a fortune to spend: that roughness is part of what the film is about.

Most of the dialogue is in Quechua, one of the two chief Indian languages of Bolivia; many of the people in La Paz can talk to these Indians only through a Spanish translator. This language barrier goes to the heart of the film, which is that the life-style of these Indians, their language, their religion and their lore are badly disregarded, if not despised, by the Bolivian Establishment. Sanjines vividly dramatizes this Indian life. The mountain village finds out about the clinic's secret sterilizations, not by explicit information, but through the local shaman who casts coca leaves on the earth and reads them. And the Indians' revenge is direct and primitive: they storm into the clinic and castrate the two doctors. (Chronologically this flashback action precedes the arrest we saw at the beginning of the film.)

I and most who may see this film have no first-hand knowledge of the truth of the charges against the Peace Corps. Certainly the three Americans in the picture are cartoons. But cartoons are not necessarily false. And most readers of this journal are aware of US influence in Latin-American affairs, including economic and political pressures (like ITT in Chile). Grant that Sanjines' charges are as yet unproved: his work is still a spurt of heat from a fire that is inarguably burning through Latin America. His film is not nearly as good as the Argentinian *Hour of The Furnaces*, but it's sharp and unsettling.

Hermann Hesse, excepting *Steppenwolf* and possibly *Demian*, is a bore. Conrad Rooks has made Hesse's novel *Siddhartha* into a boring picture. It was shot in India by Bergman's magic cameraman Sven Nykvist, who shows here as he has shown before (Schell's *First Love*) that, without a good director, he tends to loll in loveliness. The story is of a man's search for Inner Peace and includes a meeting with the Buddha (unseen) and an episode with a courtesan (seen). Rook's script and editing could hardly be clumsier, the acting stiffer, the pace slower, or the dialogue more laden with windy nonanswers to Great Questions.

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